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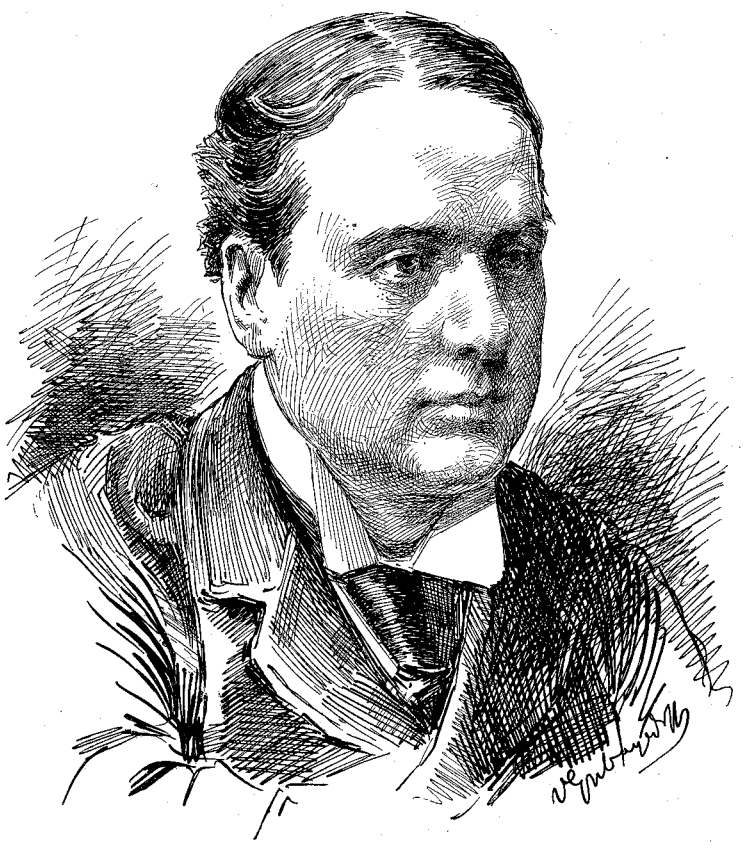

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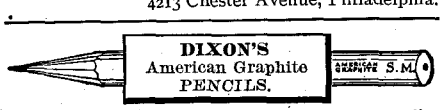

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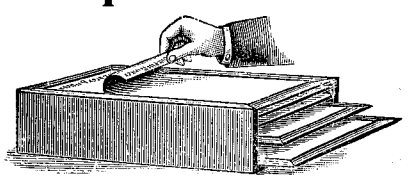

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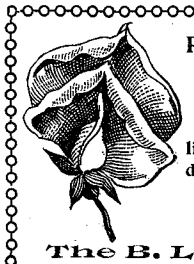

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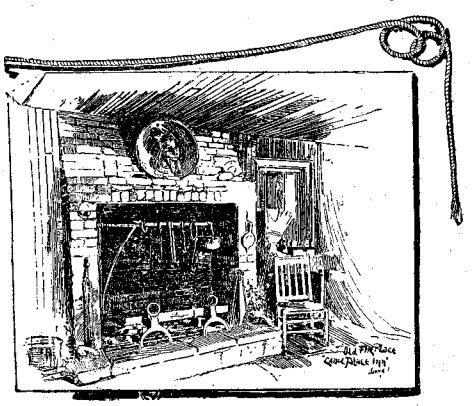

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Volume 49 For Week ending 10 March, 1894 Number 10

The Week

THE crisis so long impending in English politics was precipitated last week by the resignation of Mr. Gladstone. On Thursday evening the Premier made his last speech in office, and it will undoubtedly be regarded hereafter as a very notable and significant speech. It was characteristic of the man that, instead of referring to the great part which he had played and to the achievements of the Liberal party, he should open the door to the next reform and throw down the gage of battle with his last official words. Those Radicals who were disappointed by his failure to refer to the agitation against the House of Lords a week earlier greeted his words on Thursday night of last week with a tumult of cheers. They were not the words, however, of a demagogue, nor of an iconoclast. They were rather the clear and measured utterances of a statesman whose temper is constructive, and who aims to preserve the spirit of the English Constitution by modifying, from time to time, to suit the needs of the age, the institutions in which it is incorporated. Mr. Gladstone did not assail the House of Lords in general terms; he called attention to the fact that, although the House of Commons had devoted about one hundred days to the Home Rule Bill and the Employers' Liability Bill, the House of Lords had wrecked both pieces of legislation after the briefest and most insufficient consideration. For fifty years, he declared, the action of the Upper House had been grievously unsatisfactory, and the question was now raised whether the judgment of that House is to be allowed to annihilate the whole work of the House of Commons. The Government had endeavored to avoid the crisis and to save something from the shipwreck of legislation, and it had, therefore, accepted some of the amendments of the House of Lords, but the indisputable fact remained that "an issue is raised between a deliberative assembly elected by the votes of seven million people and an assembly of an entirely different kind"—an assembly which had now forsaken the reserve and discretion which had formerly characterized it. The House of Commons could not pass judgment on this matter; it must be settled by the authority of the nation. The time had come when that authority must be invoked.

❀

These words were the last public utterances of the Premier, and the long uncertainty regarding his course was ended on Saturday, when his resignation was formally placed in the hands of the Queen. No formal announcement has yet been made with regard to the immediate cause, but it is probably his failing sight. His general health and his intellectual vigor are declared to remain unimpaired. It is reported that there have been some dissensions in the Cabinet, especially over the question of an increased expenditure for ship-building, but it is not believed that these dissensions have been of a character to force the resignation. Mr. Gladstone has always been singularly frank and accurate in his statements about himself, and his resignation was distinctly foreshadowed in the statement which he made while at Biarritz three weeks ago. There appears to be no doubt that the condition of his eyes will necessitate a temporary withdrawal from all active duties, and that, in the present condition of things, such a withdrawal was impossible without resignation of the functions of Premier. The situation created by the resignation was complicated by the differences in the Liberal party between the Liberals and the Radicals, to say nothing of the necessity of considering the position of the Irish contingent. Those difficulties, however, have apparently been happily settled by the practically unanimous consensus of opinion in favor of Lord Rosebery, who has the support of all the Liberals, with whom very many of the Radicals are in sympathy, and who commands at least the respect of the Irish party. There has been a strong feeling against the selection of a Prime Minister from the peerage, and the new Premier is undoubtedly put to a disadvantage by the fact that he cannot lead his party in the House of Commons, as well as by the prejudice against the leadership of a peer on the part of the Radicals. Mr. Labouchere, the fighting leader of the Radicals, has threatened many things, but it is believed that he will fall into line. Sir William Harcourt, from whom opposition might have been expected, has apparently accepted with cordiality the primacy of Lord Rosebery, and will himself become the Liberal leader in the House of Commons. Mr. Morley remains Chief Secretary for Ireland, the Earl of Kimberley succeeds Lord Rosebery as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Mr. Fowler takes the Secretaryship for India. Parliament has been prorogued.

❀

The new Premier, whose portrait is on our cover page, is in the prime of life, having been born in 1847; he was educated at Eton and at Oxford, where he ranked well as a student, and was regarded by men like Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone, whom he met at that time, as a young man of remarkable promise. A political career was early marked out for him, and he was on the point of securing a seat in the House of Commons in 1868, when, by the death of his grandfather, he succeeded to the title and became a member of the House of Lords. He at once identified himself with the Liberal party, and rapidly developed marked ability as a speaker and as a working member. He put himself at the head of the Liberal party in Scotland. He was the companion of Mr. Gladstone in that great Midlothian campaign fourteen years ago, and in 1881 became Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department. Five years later he was made Secretary of War for Foreign Affairs, and his treatment of the questions connected with Bulgaria and Greece was so firm and wise that it won instant recognition from all

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parties. It was not, however, until his service as Chairman of the London County Council that his extraordinary combination of sound judgment, kindly spirit, executive ability, and the power to control men was clearly discerned. The candor and ability which he displayed in the arbitration of the coal strikes is another great service which has endeared Lord Rosebery to the hearts of the English people. The new Premier is a man of great strength, moderation, and courage. An aristocrat by inheritance, surroundings, and temper, he has always manifested a firm adherence to democratic principles. Like his predecessor, he is a statesman of the highest character, of great natural intelligence, of many-sided culture, of the very best surroundings from an educational point of view, and of a notable openness of mind.

❀

Great interest is felt in Europe in the situation in Servia, which is regarded as full of menace to the peace of that country, and possibly to the peace of countries around it. Last April, as the readers of The Outlook will remember, the young King Alexander accomplished a *coup d'état*, making himself of age and taking the responsibility of the Government upon himself. There are three political parties in the country—the Liberals and Progressists, who are supporters of the present dynasty, are conservative and are largely made up of the well-to-do people, and the Radicals, made up of peasants, of laborers, of artisans, and of the dissatisfied of all classes, who care nothing for the reigning house. To conciliate the Radicals, King Milan, the father of the present King, granted a Liberal Constitution, but was not willing to live under it, and attempted to govern the country in the face of a parliamentary majority hostile to himself. This finally led to the abdication of Milan, and to the creation of a regency, which was brought to an end by the *coup d'état* a year ago. The Radicals not only have a great majority in the Skupshina, or Servian Parliament, but it is said that ninety per cent. of the population of the country are in sympathy with them. The new Ministry appointed by the King is made up of Progressists and Liberals, without any Radical representation, and Alexander is now endeavoring to carry on a Parliamentary Government in the face of a great majority in Parliament and an enormous majority in the country. The latest incident in the struggle is the sudden return of Milan to Servia on the invitation of his son—a return rapturously indorsed by the army, upon whom the young King is apparently determined to rely in what promises to be a hand-to-hand conflict with the country. The situation is critical by the fact that there is a pretender to the throne in the person of a representative of an ex-dynasty, who, it is said, has the sympathies of the Radical party—that is, of ninety per cent. of the population of Servia. The army has been unpaid for months, the treasury is depleted, and the peasantry are apparently determined not to pay the fifteen million dollars of arrears of taxation which they owe. Altogether the situation is extremely critical, and a revolution may be looked for at any moment.

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The news from Florida does not promise the speedy expulsion of the Lottery from the headquarters it has established in that commonwealth. The "Florida Citizen" continues its vigorous campaign to secure that desired end, and most of the leading citizens of the State whom it has interviewed express strong disapprobation of the Lottery. Some of them—for example, the Rev. G. W. Mitchell, a brother of the Governor—declare themselves against the Lottery "in toto, root and branch," urging that its "power for evil is immeasurable," and "will utterly demoralize any community." But most of these citizens, who in their declamation seem to demand the expulsion of the Lottery from Florida at any cost, are not willing to have it expelled at the cost of an extra session of the Legislature, which is estimated at $50,000. Says the Rev. Mr. Mitchell: "I think it would be wiser to let the law run its course until the next Legislature convenes." Perhaps, however, it is not altogether unfortunate that this lukewarmness in Florida exists, for, even if Florida does expel the Lottery, its tickets and advertisements can still be brought into this country and distributed all over it without the violation of law. The supineness exhibited in Florida must simply intensify the efforts of moral citizens throughout the Nation for the passage of the act which has been introduced into the United States Senate by Senator Hoar, and for which Professor Woodbridge, of the Boston Institute of Technology, has patriotically distributed the memorials and appeals. We are glad to report that the copies of the petitions for the enactment of this measure which we at first sent out to applicants, and week before last printed in The Outlook, are being widely signed and forwarded to Members of Congress. There are few Congressmen who will dare to vote against the bill if it can be brought to a vote. All that is needed is such an expression of public opinion as shall make the entire body of Congress feel that the people of the country are watching them, and that the delay of the passage of this measure will not be condoned. Do not hesitate to forward your petitions because you believe your representative is not in sympathy with moral measures. The reason he is not in sympathy is because he believes he does not need to be. In fact, the presence of such representatives in Congress is chiefly due to the fact that citizens having private interests to push are active in politics, while those who have only the public interest at heart are grossly apathetic.

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Dr. Gladden has rendered the public a valuable service by his courageous article in the "Century Magazine" for March, and the "Century" has justified its reputation for courage in publishing it. Dr. Gladden describes the anti-Catholic crusade carried on by the American Protective Association, concerning which we have given our readers from time to time some information. In his paper they will find a comprehensive statement of the case. As a part of this anti-Catholic crusade is the publication of forged documents bearing the official signature of eight archbishops, with the counter-signature of Cardinal Gibbons, denouncing the rapid diffusion of the English language and the public-school system, and calling on the faithful to remove or crowd out American heretics from public and private employment, in order to secure their places for Catholics. A second forged document, attributed to the Pope, calls for a general extermination of all heretics found within the jurisdiction of the United States. The "A. P. A.," which employs these forgeries to spread a terror of Romanism among the unthinking, requires of its members an oath never to favor or aid the election or appointment of a Roman Catholic to office, and never to employ a Roman Catholic in any capacity if the services of a Protestant can be obtained. Dr. Gladden verifies the character of this secret oath by the action of the Denver Council, which denounced the Mayor of that city as a perjurer because he appointed a Roman Catholic as Chief of Police. He calls attention to the fact that the Constitution of the United States forbids any distinction or preference among men on account of their religious belief, so that the oath taken by the members of

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the A. P. A. requires every man elected to an important office to violate his oath to support the Constitution of the State and the United States. It is high time that public attention was called to this anti-Catholic movement, which is founded on falsehood, promoted by forgery, and imposes perjury upon its members as a civic duty. Dr. Gladden calls upon Protestant clergymen to speak out clearly against this wickedness. We are very reluctant to multiply organizations, but we question whether there ought not to be an American Protective Association organized to defeat this un-American association which is violating the fundamental principles of our American institutions.

❀

The monetary situation is not seriously changed by the events of the week. The surplus reserve in the New York banks is even greater than before, being $76,000,000 as against $6,000,000 a year ago. This, however, does not mean that money is easier to borrow than a year ago. The rate on commercial paper is the same—about six per cent.—but bankers refuse to lend at all upon some paper which a year ago would have been acceptable. The holding of a large surplus, in so far as it is a factor, makes them anxious to lend, but this surplus is itself the effect of the fear of lending on the part of the bankers, and the fear of borrowing on the part of merchants and manufacturers. These fears are both the result of falling prices, which inevitably bring loss and bankruptcy. Prices fall, as every one knows, when the currency is contracted, and rise when it is expanded. The passage of the Bland Act, therefore, were it likely to have any practical effect, would bring higher prices (unless it still further impaired confidence and public credit), since it would for one year expand the currency by the amount which has been customary during the past decade. It is not, however, likely to have any practical effect, for the President's veto is almost inevitable, and the majority by which it passed the House (168 to 129) is not sufficient to pass it over the President's veto. The fact that a House which last fall voted by a majority of 77 to suspend the coinage of silver should now vote by a majority of 39 to recommence it, did not bring a great deal of joy to the silver forces. One of their leaders, Mr. Pence, of Colorado, bitterly denounced the men who voted against silver when the issue was critical and spoils were in sight, and now voted in its favor when the issue is trivial and an election is in sight. Nineteen Western Republicans voted with the body of the Democrats and all the Populists in favor of the bill, while forty-nine Democrats (nearly all from the East) voted with the body of the Republicans against it.

❀

The report of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs upon the Hawaiian complications was made public last week. Senator Morgan, of Alabama, the Chairman of the Committee, writes the majority report, which is welcomed and concurred in by all the Republican members. This report holds, in brief, that Hawaii had become a country where there was no power of law able to protect citizens of the United States, and that, therefore, there was no international law nor any rule of comity which forbade the landing of American troops. This report sustains ex-Minister Stevens in all things except his declaration of a protectorate over Hawaii in the name of the United States. This action, of course, is the one which President Harrison's Administration disavowed. The report leans strongly toward annexation, but makes no explicit statement regarding its wisdom. The Republican members of the Committee supplement the statement written by Senator Morgan with a brief declaration that the appointment of Special Commissioner Blount without the consent of the Senate was an unconstitutional act, and that the orders by which the naval force was placed under his command were without authority of law. The minority report, signed by the Democratic members (except Senator Morgan), severely arraigns ex-Minister Stevens. Two of these Democratic members, however, Senators Butler, of South Carolina, and Turpie, of Indiana, supplement the minority report with a statement that they believe the annexation of Hawaii to be in and of itself a desirable object. The end of the whole matter appears to be, as regards the charges against Minister Stevens, a disagreement of the jury; as regards annexation, a postponement of the question; and as regards our interference in order to reinstate the Queen, a practically unanimous judgment against it.

❀

Judge Grosscup, of the United States Circuit Court, rendered in Chicago last week a decision which goes a long way towards destroying what was left of the Inter-State Commerce Law. In the case before the Court two freight agents had refused to give testimony, upon the ground that such testimony would incriminate themselves, and claimed that they were relieved from giving it by the clause in the Constitution which declares "that no person shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself." Under this clause it early became common for witnesses to embarrass the administration of justice by claiming that their testimony, if given, would tend to incriminate themselves, and Congress years ago enacted a law declaring that testimony so given should not be used in criminal proceedings against those who gave it. In accordance with this law, witnesses were not allowed to refuse to testify until after the enactment of the Inter-State Commerce Law, when railway officials began to be the frequent subjects of criminal prosecutions. Then the question was brought before the Circuit Court, which decided in the Counselman case that the Act of Congress did not afford to the witnesses the protection contemplated in the Constitution, because, although a witness might not be prosecuted directly upon his self-criminating testimony, that testimony might, nevertheless, furnish clues which would lead indirectly to a prosecution. Congress thereupon set to work to correct this defect by enacting last year a new law absolving the witness in Inter-State Commerce cases from prosecution in any event. This law was supposed to give the Inter-State Commerce Commission all the needed powers of inquiry. Judge Grosscup has decided, however, that railway officials still need not give testimony unless they desire to. He declares that the statute enacted last year is a statute of pardon, and that the witness had a constitutional right of silence, which is not taken away by the promise of pardon extended by the statute. If this decision stands, the Nation must consider the question whether its control over the railroads shall be strengthened or virtually annulled. Even the journals which most bitterly resisted the enactment of the Inter-State Commerce Law now admit that the granting of abnormally low rates to favored individuals, to the ruin of their competitors, must be prevented by law. The necessity of public control being, therefore, admitted, the question is, How can it be made effective? Judge Grosscup's decision, following that of Judge Brewer (to the effect that the prohibition of a greater charge for a short haul than a long one applied only to local lines and not to through systems), virtually repeals the Inter-State Commerce Law, and forces the people to consider new measures by which the public highways can be administered without discrimination against persons or places, or classes of traffic. If

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this can be done without public ownership, public sentiment still demands that it shall be done in this way. But if it cannot be done without public ownership, that system will be welcomed by great bodies of people who hitherto have opposed it.

❀

There is little perceptible diminution in the number of the unemployed. "Dun's Review" for last week, it is true, reports that more mills have resumed work than have suspended it. Yet it adds to this statement, "Numerous reductions in wages continue to lessen the purchasing power of those at work." "The demand from distributers," it says, "is almost exclusively for medium or low-priced woolen or cotton goods, for $1.50 and not for $3 boots, and for shoes rather than boots." These signs of pinching times could be multiplied from exchanges from every part of the country. A police census just taken in Brooklyn shows 56,000 persons out of employment, or one in six of all those usually at work. The returns received from two thousand factories in this State, by the State Labor Commissioners, show that two hundred have been closed entirely, and one thousand partially. In five hundred wages have been reduced, the reduction being most frequently ten per cent. There is nothing local about these conditions, except that agricultural communities are suffering from extremely low prices rather than from men out of work. A recent number of the San Francisco "Chronicle" reports in an obscure news column that "when the [Citizens' Relief] Committee met at ten o'clock yesterday morning, it found six hundred men in line in the alley back of Merchants' Exchange awaiting an opportunity to apply for tickets. Over twenty of the men had stood in line since nine o'clock Tuesday evening. As the night wore on other recruits came, and an hour after sunrise the alley was crowded." In Boston, where the police census a few weeks ago reported but five thousand men out of work, nearly that number have recently been following Morrison I. Swift and the Rev. Mr. Casson in a demonstration in behalf of public employment. The action of Governor Greenhalge in calling upon the police to expel the crowd from the State-House—where the legislators certainly ought to be free from such intimidation—and that of Mayor Matthews in prohibiting the meetings on Boston Common, seem only to have strengthened the agitation. The meeting at Faneuil Hall last week was much the greatest yet held.

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The Chamber of Commerce of New York City has, with only two or three dissentient votes, approved ex-Mayor Hewitt's plan for the construction of a rapid transit road in the city of New York. The plan is also indorsed by Mr. William Steinway, President of the Rapid-Transit Commission. Mr. Hewitt's plan is, in brief, that the city shall borrow the entire amount necessary for the construction of such a system, and shall own the system after it is constructed; that the privilege of constructing it shall be sold to the lowest responsible bidder, who shall also have the right to operate the road for thirty years, at a rental based upon the cost of the work. The essential features of this plan, the reader will observe, are, first, that the city shall raise the money—and it is conceded that the city can borrow money at a less rate of interest than any private corporation; secondly, that it shall own the railroad when the railroad is finished; thirdly, that it shall avoid the hazards of corruption in construction by giving out the work to a private corporation; and, finally, that it shall insure the interest of that private corporation in economical construction by leasing it to the corporation at a rental sufficient to pay a fixed rate of interest on the cost. As our readers are aware, in other countries than ours great franchises are not sold *in perpetuo* to the private corporation; they never ought to be so sold here. Whether the road is operated by the community or not, the franchise ought to be owned and controlled by the community. That Mr. Hewitt's plan is perfectly practicable is attested by the indorsements which it has received; and it recognizes the fundamental principle with which the readers of The Outlook are by this time entirely familiar, and which, it seems to us, ought to be recognized by every one as axiomatic—that, if the community raises the money, it should control its expenditure, should own whatever is constructed with the public money, and should receive the capitalist's share of the profits, if there are any.

❀

A city with an area of one hundred and twenty-five square miles and a population of three millions seems more possible than ever now that the Senate of the New York State Legislature has passed and Governor Flower has approved the "Greater New York" Bill in the exact form in which it left the Assembly. It provides for submission to a popular vote next November the question as to whether New York, Brooklyn, Long Island City, Kings, Richmond, and parts of Queens and Westchester Counties shall be consolidated into one vast municipality. It has been said by the opponents of this plan that the difficulty of governing so great a community would infinitely aggravate already vexatious municipal problems, and that uniformity in taxation throughout all the territory affected would be unjust, especially to New Yorkers, who have now a low rate and a comparatively small bonded indebtedness, and, furthermore, that it would give a disproportionate value to real estate in the urban communities about the metropolis. On the contrary, it is urged that Brooklyn is already a part of New York in a business sense, that its population has made real estate on Manhattan Island more valuable, and that hence New York should pay something to support Brooklyn, whose inhabitants would not desire consolidation unless they could be thus benefited. The bill as passed, with but two dissenting votes, makes no stipulation about the tax-rate, nor does it provide for any consolidation; it simply submits the general question to the opinion of voters.

❀

It is quite right that a Roman Catholic should be elected upon the Board of Regents of New York State. If churches are to be represented on that Board, the Roman Catholic Church should have its representative. If denominational distinctions are to be ignored, prominent and worthy Roman Catholics ought not to be excluded because they belong to that Church. But we are amazed that a Republican Legislature should think of electing Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester—not because he is a Roman Catholic bishop, but because he is a perfectly frank, open, and avowed enemy to the public-school system. We do not complain of this if he thinks that the State is incompetent to educate its own youth, and that the work of education should be transferred to the Church, or the churches; he has a perfect right to advocate this position, and to endeavor to persuade the people of the State to his way of thinking. But so long as the people of the State undertake to carry on a system of public instruction, that system should be under the control of those who believe in it and desire to make it as efficient as possible. It is well known that there are at the present time two parties in the Roman Catholic Church upon this subject. Bishop McQuaid is one of the leaders of the party hostile to the public-school system. That party ought not to seek, and certainly ought not to receive, representation on the Board of Regents.

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No one opposed to the public-school system should have a place there. The most prominent candidate representing the party in the Church which favors the public-school system is the Rev. Sylvester Malone, pastor of St. Peter and St. Paul's (Roman Catholic) Church of Brooklyn. He is not a recent advocate of the public-school system, but has openly defended it at a time when it cost something in that Church to be its defender. He, or some one as well known as he as an advocate of the public-school system, should be elected upon the Board.

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Of the highest economic as well as philanthropic merit, the Loan Association plan, heretofore noticed in these columns, which would replace the usurious pawnshops, is seeking proper authority through legislation. Last week at Albany, Assemblyman Sheffield introduced a bill under which a company from among the leading citizens of New York City will organize themselves for the purpose of lending money to the worthy poor at a small rate of interest upon the pledge or mortgage of personal property, the Association to be repaid on the "installment plan." It is called "An Act to incorporate the Provident Loan Society of New York," the body corporate including such men as Frederic R. Coudert, R. Fulton Cutting, William E. Dodge, Charles S. Fairchild, David H. Greer, Abram S. Hewitt, D. Willis James, John S. Kennedy, Seth Low, J. Pierpont Morgan, Oswald Ottendorfer, Gustav H. Schwab, and Cornelius Vanderbilt. None of these persons will receive any profit other than lawful interest on money loaned, and the Society will be entitled to all the benefits of legislation concerning pawnbrokers, except that it will not be required to obtain a license or file a bond. Many religious creeds are purposely represented in the list of corporators, and the management will hence be entirely non-sectarian.

❀

The progress both of education and of good government is sensibly helped by the propagation of free libraries. Last week public attention was again drawn to this subject by the appearance of the New York City Free Circulating Library's report. Fourteen years ago this Society had an annual circulation of twenty-two thousand volumes; now it has five hundred and thirty thousand. Much of the very recent increase in books read or taken home is due to the great number of persons out of work, and hence a special opportunity has been offered in this hard winter for benefiting both individual and society. In but one branch—the Ottendorfer—has the danger of being swamped by tramps led to a restriction of reading-room privileges to known applicants only. This station has the largest circulation of any but one—namely, the Bruce Library. In all of the stations there is an increasing demand for educational and scientific works. Not a book in the Jackson Square library has been lost during the year, though in a single Rivington Street tenement Mrs. Wiggin's "The Birds' Christmas Carol" has been read twenty-three times. At the original building on Bond Street a smaller percentage of fiction is called for, while double the number of books relating to travel, biography, history, and science are taken than at the branches.

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General News:—The result of the election in Brazil has been the choice of Dr. Moraes as President and of Mr. Pereira as Vice-President; in the city of Rio Janeiro the vote was remarkably large, and the number of ballots cast in opposition to the candidates elected very small; there was little excitement; the result indicates a strong republican sentiment; it is thought that Peixoto will retire quietly.——A bill has been introduced into the House of Representatives providing that, after July 1 next, American citizens, or corporations of which at least ninety per cent. of the stock is owned by American citizens, may procure American registry for vessels built abroad and purchased by such citizens or corporations; the bill provides also that the citizens or corporations obtaining such registry shall give bonds to build in American ship-yards vessels equal in value to those registered. We reserve comment on this bill until after it shall have been reported.——General Jubal A. Early died at Lynchburg, Va., on Friday last; General Early was one of the most distinguished of Confederate officers, but his fame was tarnished during the latter part of his life by his being a paid agent of the Louisiana Lottery Company.——William F. Poole, one of the very best of American librarians, and the author of the well-known "Poole's Index to Periodicals," died at Evanston, Ill., on March 1; Mr. Poole had been for some years the librarian of the Newberry Library of Chicago, which was a model library, and was planned and organized by him.——John Y. McKane has been taken to Sing Sing, all efforts to procure a stay in his case having failed.——The Pope observed his eighty-fourth birthday and the sixteenth anniversary of his accession to the Papacy on Friday of last week.

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William Ewart Gladstone

In the final retirement of Mr. Gladstone from public office, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, there passes from the public stage one whom we regard as the noblest statesman of the century. Nor in penning this sentence are we oblivious of the names of Webster and Lincoln in our own country, Gambetta in France, Cavour in Italy, and Bismarck in Germany. The century of democracy has produced some great leaders; among eminent statesmen Mr. Gladstone is pre-eminent.

The moral reformer regards only ultimate ideals, and does not consider immediate consequences; the politician is careless of ultimate ideals, and regards only immediate consequences; the statesman combines something of both. He holds steadily before himself a noble ideal, but he seeks to accomplish it by methods that are immediate and practicable. If this be a true description of a statesman, Mr. Gladstone easily ranks among the first of English statesmen. His natural instincts are at once popular and conservative. He believes in the common people, but he also believes that the present is indissolubly connected with the past. It is equally oppugnant to him to break with ancient traditions and to be bound in helpless captivity by them. By his democracy he belongs to the nineteenth century and the middle class; by his conservatism to the English race. He neither runs rashly with Labouchere, nor halts ingloriously with Lord Salisbury. It is this composite character which is at once his real glory and a puzzle to his critics. By the radical he is condemned as a time-server; by the conservative as an impracticable and a demagogue. He is neither, and approximates neither. He has the vision of the radical, but the radical has not his judgment; he has the caution of the conservative, but the conservative has not his faith. In December, 1836, he was appointed to a Junior Lordship of the Treasury under Sir Robert Peel. In the nearly sixty years which have elapsed since that time he has led England from the rule of the classes to the rule of the common people. If to change one's political position is to be inconsistent, his political inconsistencies have been great. But changes of position which conform to the social and political growth of the community are not inconsistencies.

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He who recognizes growth as the law of national as of individual life will recognize in Mr. Gladstone's varied career one consistent purpose, steadily as well as skillfully pursued, through half a century of radical constitutional changes.

Statesmen, again, may be roughly divided into two classes—the imperial and the democratic. Of the former Bismarck is the most eminent modern type. He grasps, if he does not originate, the idea of national unity, and, with an iron will and a patient endurance, labors to achieve it. But he achieves it by law, not by influence. For what the common people think, he cares scarcely more than the cowboy cares for the opinion of the herd which he is rounding up. The democratic statesman proceeds in a different manner. He believes in the instincts of the common people. He believes in their capacity to grasp the noblest ideals and to push forward the divinest movements. He imbues them with his thought. He perceives the thought before it has come to consciousness in them, interprets it to them, and so crystallizes their aspiration into a purpose. He sees further than they see, but he goes no faster than they go. Men who have no faith in the common people imagine that he is borne to and fro by popular passion. He knows, and the people know, that he interprets them to themselves and leads them forward to an achievement which is both his and theirs. This was the service which Mr. Lincoln rendered this country during the Civil War. If he had issued the Proclamation of Emancipation when General Fremont would have issued it, the proclamation would have been as inefficacious as a stump speech. If he had waited for General McClellan's approval, the negroes would still wear their chains. The secret of Abraham Lincoln's statesmanship lay in his power at once to perceive, to inspire, and to direct the will of the people. What he did in the radical changes of four short years for the United States, Mr. Gladstone has done in the scarcely less radical changes of English politics during an epoch of sixty eventful and changeful years.

We have no space here to recount the story of Mr. Gladstone's life, or to defend him from the common charge of having been driven by the public opinion which we believe that he both created and guided to generally beneficent ends. We shall leave the uncharitable and censorious to reconcile as best they can the charges against him of "trimming," with his resignation from office in 1845, at thirty-six years of age, apparently abandoning in that act all hope of political influence or preferment, because he could not conscientiously support the Peel Government in a matter of minor detail; and with his challenge to the No-popery sentiment of England by his abolition of the Established Church in Ireland in 1867; and with his bold defiance of the anti-Russian prejudices in his campaign, commenced almost single-handed, against Turkish misgovernment in Bulgaria, in 1876; and with his adoption of Home Rule in 1885, despite English prejudice against Ireland and despite the division of his party, which was sure to be followed by his own political defeat. These episodes do not stand alone; but they are quite sufficient to establish the sincerity of Mr. Gladstone's convictions, and his courage in maintaining them.

Now that Mr. Gladstone is retiring from office, even Conservative organs tardily recognize his service to his country and his age. It is due primarily to his combined courage and caution that the transfer of political power in England from an oligarchy to the people has been effected peacefully; it will be due to the influence of his life, surviving his retirement from active political service, if that power shall in the future be exercised in moderation, and the destruction of ancient abuses be not carried on more rapidly than is consistent with a permanent reconstruction of the State. If always to seek the noblest ends by honorable methods; to move steadily forward but always slowly, never to seek personal aggrandizement, and to seek party victory only for the purposes of moral achievement; to inform, instruct, and inspire the common people, and then represent the life thus formed within them—if this is noble statesmanship, Mr. Gladstone is certainly without a superior, in our judgment without an equal, in a century pre-eminent in statesmen.

Wanted—A Salon

Philanthropy has become a fashion, not to say a fad. But, like all virtues when they become fashions, it has become narrow. Show philanthropy a man who is out at the elbows, without work and without ability to do work if it is given to him, with some socialistic and anarchical tendencies, dull, laggard, unintelligent, and unambitious, and he becomes interesting. The problem is to "rescue" him; and there is enough difficulty in the problem to evoke all the vigor of immediate enthusiasm, if not all the staying qualities of patient service, in its accomplishment. But the kind of philanthropy which helps those who are helping themselves, which provides resources of culture and enthusiasm for the cultivated and lonely, which gives heart and hope to earnest and intelligent but discouraged workers, which finds in the ordinary social circle an opportunity for life-giving, which imparts without condescending, and is beneficent without being professional, is not, it strikes us, so much in vogue: possibly the impression is due to the fact that it is not so much talked about.

These reflections have been suggested by reading the fascinating Memoirs of Anne C. L. Botta, the wife of Professor Vincenzo Botta. Her well-deserved fame does not rest upon her statuary, which, indeed, is hardly known outside the circle of her more intimate friends; nor upon her poems, though they are healthful and normal in sentiment and musical in form; it rests upon her salon, maintained through a series of years in New York City—"the nearest approach New York ever made to the French salon. One was sure to meet there the savants, wits, and artists of the day, of both hemispheres—not only Bryant, Bancroft, and Emerson, but Froude, Herbert Spencer, Matthew Arnold, and many more." It was not, however, the distinguished guests alone that gave to her gatherings their unique value. It was her use of the gathering to enable those who were not distinguished, but had in them a latent talent, to find themselves and so be found by others. "She did not wait for success where she thought she found ability, but gave all the encouragement in her power to develop a latent gift." "It was not so much," writes one friend concerning her, "what Mrs. Botta did for literature as what she helped others to do, that will make her name a part of the literary history of the country." Writes another: "It was her habit to listen with rapt attention, which so stimulated her guests that it infused into each an almost creative power of thought and expression. I heard an old gentleman, on being complimented at being so entertaining at one of these dinners, say, 'I really can't account for it. I am quite surprised myself; I never before suspected that I could be so witty and amusing.'" Still another writes: "Young men and young women struggling to make themselves felt in science, literature, art, or the work of higher instruction, were the especial objects of her interest; to seek them out, to aid them, to encourage them, to bring them into relations with others who could

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inspire them—all this was her delight; but it was done in a way most quiet and unostentatious."

Of course, to render such a service as this requires genius as well as benevolence; but genius can be cultivated. In these days of Toynbee Halls and College Settlements we need a revival of the salon, conducted, as Mrs. Botta's salon was conducted, in a Christian—that is, a sympathetic and helpful—spirit. The society of plutocracy is insufferably and hideously dull; not much better is that of the pleasure-seekers, who go to amuse themselves and come away bored; and only a trifle better is that of the lions and lionesses, who come together to gaze at each other and be gazed at. Nor do our numerous clubs, at which we sit in silence and listen to a paper or address, which is brilliant or dull as may happen, take the place of such a salon as Mrs. Botta's, where each one receives only as he gives, and receives most by being inspired to give the best that is in him; where the lost art of conversation is recovered, and is neither reduced to small-talk on the one hand, nor to monologue or debate on the other, but is a real and sympathetic interchange of living thoughts on life-questions; where neither a heavy purse nor a famous name is the condition of admission, but a real and living personality, and that universal sympathy which constitutes the true gentleman. Mrs. Anne C. L. Botta's double will probably never be found—"doubles" are rare; but there is not a town of any considerable size in the United States where the sort of service rendered by Mrs. Botta to American life by her salon in New York City could not be rendered in some measure by ladies possessed of her breadth of sympathy, and more eager to render a like service than to win a like fame. We wish that the story of her life might be read by every young woman of good social position and fair social opportunity, that she might be inspired to use that opportunity to promote the intellectual life of her community, instead of using it, as such women often do, only to deaden the intellectual life by endeavoring to substitute for it dances, suppers, games, and small-talk.

A Lenten Meditation

The Gospel is good news. Nothing that is not good news is the Gospel. It may be true; it may be important truth; it may be a preparation for the Gospel: but it is not the Gospel, nor any part of the Gospel. The doctrine that man has sinned is not the Gospel, for it is neither good nor news. Preaching to men that they are sinners is not preaching the Gospel. Telling the Prodigal Son, in his riotous living, that he was sinning would not have been telling him good news. The doctrine that the sinner is justly liable to punishment is not the Gospel. Teaching the certainty and justice of punishment is not preaching the Gospel. If a father meets his truant boy returning home and says to him, "You have been playing truant: come in and give an account of yourself," this is not good news to the truant. The doctrine that man is sin-sick and helpless, and cannot recover himself, is not the Gospel. Teaching men their hopelessness without help from God is not preaching the Gospel. Telling Christian, when he is floundering in the Slough of Despond, that he cannot get himself out, is not telling him good news.

Jesus Christ comes to bring a Gospel to the world. To men who have sinned, and who fear death and the judgment, and who do not see how they can escape, Jesus Christ comes—not to tell them that they have sinned and cannot escape without help (they knew that before), but to show them a way of escape. To the man who has sinned, and is bearing the burden of remorse, Christ comes that he may take away the burden. To the man who dreads the just punishment of his sins, Christ comes to promise pardon. To the man who is sin-sick and whose longing is interpreted by Tennyson's lines,

> "O for a man to arise in me,
> That the man that I am may cease to be,"

Christ comes that he may satisfy this longing for a new life. To the man in the far country, wondering whether there is any use in his trying to return to his Father, Christ comes to say, Your Father loves you and is waiting and watching for you. The Gospel is good news; it is a Gospel of hope. To preach the Gospel is to tell men good news, to bring them peace for remorse, hope for fear, health and life for disease and death.

This is the Gospel. Preaching anything else is not preaching the Gospel. It may be sometimes wise to preach the Law, to take one's message from Moses, to descend from the Mount with the Two Tables. But the Law is not the Gospel; Moses is not Christ.

The Gospel is good news. Any doctrine that is neither new nor good cannot be the Gospel; nor any part of the Gospel.

Editorial Notes

—Was Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake scientifically accurate when she began her address at the suffrage meeting in this city last week with the proposition, "We really are the silent sex"? If she had said disfranchised, she would have carried conviction, but the word "silent" was hardly felicitous in such a connection.

—The recent newspaper discussion and the utterances of President Harper, of the University of Chicago, on the matter of the story of Cain and Abel as related in the Bible illustrates anew the advantage of knowing what a man says before condemning him. In this case, as in so many others, the able editor appears to have formed his judgment first and familiarized himself with the facts afterwards. This is an easy way of editing, but, on the whole, an unprofitable one.

—The value of vaccination is now fortunately forced into universal recognition abroad by the striking statistics showing the marked difference in fatality between those European nations which make it optional and those which do not. Recent official recognition at home includes the summary action of the Boards of Health in Illinois and Wisconsin, where all school teachers and pupils must be vaccinated, failing which school privileges will be denied them; while in Iowa compulsory observance of Jenner's discovery is enjoined on every person.

—Perhaps no subscription-list has ever been more distinctive than that for the Phillips Brooks House at Harvard. Not only are the names there of the friends of his youth and of recent graduates who were wont to hear his three-minute talks in Appleton Chapel, but there are names upon names of men, women, and children, Americans and foreigners from many distant and strange lands, who never saw the prince of preachers. The House will be a great undergraduate club-house, where students, tutors, and professors will meet on a common level.

—A French Roman Catholic in Canada has just brought action for libel against the editor of one of the French papers on the ground that the latter has called him a Methodist. This action is only paralleled by one brought in Indiana in its early days, wherein the plaintiff alleged that the defendant had called him "an old Federalist." In the Indiana case, described in President Warfield's "Kentucky Resolutions," the jury found that the term Federalist was highly libelous, and gave damages accordingly. There is danger that a jury of French-Canadians will regard the term Methodist in the same way.

—The "Nation" reports a very humorous setting to the recent sermon on "Humility" which is always preached at Oxford, in St. Mary's Church, at the beginning of Lent. This year it fell upon the same Sunday with the Assize sermon, at which the Lord Chief Justice, representing the Queen, is officially present, and this year the preacher happened to be the Archbishop of Canterbury. The sermon on "Humility" was therefore duly preached by his Grace, after a very impressive processional entrance, the Lord Chief Justice being also surrounded by the insignia of his great position. Between the Archbishop and the Chief Justice the humility, so far as outward signs were concerned, seems to have been confined to the sermon.

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An Evening with Thomas Hardy

By an English Journalist

MRS. HARDY had just left the pink-lighted dining-room of the novelist's house on the outskirts of Dorchester, and we drew up our chairs to the fire preparatory to a chat.

"So you are publishing another volume of short stories, Mr. Hardy?" I began, in allusion to his new book.

"Yes, a collection of those that have appeared in the magazines since the publication of 'A Group of Noble Dames,' more than three years ago—about twenty in all. I like doing a short story occasionally, if only as a relief to the tension of writing three-volume novels. In the midst of a book one is chained to one's task, so to speak; even if you are not under contract to finish it by a certain time, the 'fever of composition' is upon you, and nothing can be enjoyed till the last chapter is written."

"But it is sometimes said that a short story requires as great an effort—"

"Yes, I know; and since some promising young men write only short stories, there has been a theory that they require greater art. But to my mind that is absurd. With a short story you have simply one episode to deal with, and it cannot possibly call for as much effort or for more art than a number of incidents standing as cause and effect in their relation to each other."

"In reading 'A Group of Noble Dames,' Mr. Hardy, I was greatly struck by the waste of good material. In one story you put the material, as far as plot goes, of a long novel."

"Yes, I suppose I was wasteful. But there, it doesn't matter, for I have far more material now than I shall ever be able to make use of."

"In note-books?"

"Yes, and in my head. I don't believe in that idea of a man's imaginative powers becoming naturally exhausted; I believe that, if he liked, a man could go on writing till his physical strength gave out. Most men exhaust themselves prematurely by something artificial—their manner of living—Scott and Dickens, for example. Victor Hugo, on the other hand, who was so long in exile, and who necessarily lived a very simple life during much of his time, was writing as well as ever till he died at a good old age. So, too, was Carlyle, if we except his philosophy, the least interesting part of him. The great secret is, perhaps, for a writer to be content with the life he was leading when he made his first success; not to enter into a constantly increasing round of social pleasures and gayety. Do I? Well, I spend here at least six months of the year, seldom paying a visit anywhere, though I get a good many visitors. I find that in these six months I can do more work than I could in London all the year. Thus I am free to spend the remaining six months as I please—three or four months in London, a month or two at country-houses, in Scotland, or on the Continent."

"I suppose you are still fond of rambling about the country?"

"Well, I am not such a good walker as I was. At one time I thought nothing of twenty or twenty-five miles in a day. Now I am out of training, and could not do half."

We spoke next of Mr. Hardy's essay into dramatic authorship last year. His little play was one of a programme of five—a bad arrangement. Consequently, its run was a short one.

Thomas Hardy

"I was more unfortunate in that matter," said Mr. Hardy, "than you may suppose. I was foolish enough to part with the acting rights of 'The Three Wayfarers' for a period of five years, so that there is not much prospect of the thing seeing the light again for some time."

"But shall you not write another play?"

"I don't know that I shall. In my opinion, the drama is an inferior form of art, although there are, it is true, greater possibilities in it in one sense, appealing as it does so powerfully and directly to the feelings and emotions. But on the stage you can take such liberties with your characters, bringing about sudden changes in their temperaments and motives that would be ridiculous in a novel; while, on the other hand, you are seriously embarrassed by limitations of time and space. A play which the papers praise as really first-rate ranks in point of art, and, above all, character-drawing, no higher than a second or third rate novel."

"Then the author is so dependent on the actors and actresses."

"Yes, they may put into or take out of the play almost as much as the author—not altogether in words, but in characterization. I was much struck with this when conducting the rehearsals of an adaptation of one of my novels some years ago for the stage. And then when I went with Barrie to see his play, 'Walker, London,' it was most awkward. I would laugh at some line or other, and say, 'Ah, now, that's good.' 'Oh, that's not mine; that's Toole's,' Barrie would mournfully reply: 'there is a good deal that is fresh since I was here last!'

"Shall we go into the next room?" exclaimed the novelist. We crossed a square, softly lighted hall, and entered a large apartment, where Mr. Hardy threw himself upon a couch, and I took a seat by an occasional table, on which were piled some of the current numbers of the magazines and journals—the "English Illustrated," "Harper's," "The Sketch," "To-Day," "Longman's," "Scribner's," etc., etc.

"What a mass of periodicals come here by the post!" said Mr. Hardy, reflectively, as he swayed himself on the couch. "And every time I look at a railway book-stall I see many more than I have even heard of. Even at a station like Weymouth the other day I saw several that were quite fresh to me."

"Yes, indeed; more and more employment for literary people," I replied.

"Well, I question the advisability of journalism as a training for the literary man. It destroys the spontaneity, I am afraid, of his impressions, leads him to take too professional a view of life. If I had three or four novels before me—one by a journalist, another by an engineer, and another by a farmer—I would back either of the latter against the journalist's for real, genuine interest and freshness. Of course, there is journalistic work of various sorts; a man who was writing the money article or political leaders would probably be able to do imaginative work quite independently of that by which he was earning a livelihood."

"Ah, there is that question of a livelihood to be considered, Mr. Hardy."

"Yes, there is; the literary man must have the means of support while he is preparing for his work. But some standpoint in a totally independent profession is best, I fancy, for that. Of course, I do not ignore the trade value of journalism to a literary career. One is at a serious dis-

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advantage, from the log-rolling point of view, in starting as I did, quite unknown to the press and the press world. A new author whose friends are in journalism naturally finds the way smoothed for him."

"Do you attach much practical importance, then, to criticism?"

"To the new author, certainly; criticism may make or mar his book. I remember, for instance, how the sale of 'Desperate Remedies,' which had been fairly good, almost stopped after the appearance of a very severe notice. On the other hand, condemnations of 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' had no effect whatever on the popularity of the book."

"'Tess' is wonderfully popular."

"Yes, but the frankness of the book has brought me some asperities, in the shape of letters and reviews mostly. In writing the story I expected such criticism, but the criticism has not come from the people I expected. There have been very few objectors really; in their secret hearts people know there is nothing honestly to object to. As a matter of fact, my tone has been the same in regard to moral questions for the twenty years or more I have been writing. From the very beginning I resolved to speak out. I remember that in the first edition of 'Desperate Remedies' there were many passages exhibiting a similar plainness to 'Tess.' Some of these were eliminated in the one-volume edition, in deference to my publishers; but I am sorry now that I did so, and if ever the book is included in the uniform edition of my works the old passages shall be restored. Some of the religious papers have not been unreasonable, but I am surprised that none of them used a point which was suggested to me the other day, that the tale illustrated the evil that may be done by suddenly destroying a man's faith, as Clare did Alec's through Tess's handing on his opinions. But I fear the author was Balaam in that. As a matter of fact, however, 'Tess' has been the text of many sermons. See, here is one."

And the novelist handed me the printed copy of a sermon preached by a South London vicar, which had the moral questions raised in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" for its theme. The sermon had been sent to him by its sympathetic author.

"Do you think people are beginning to take a different view regarding the introduction of such questions into fiction?"

"I think there is some reason to hope so."

Our talk about the clever books of the year led me to interrogate Mr. Hardy about the younger writers generally.

"I think Sarah Grand," says Mr. Hardy, "made the mistake of putting two distinct and independent stories into one book. She has explained to me that originally she had contemplated writing, not one, but two, novels with the materials she has used in 'The Heavenly Twins.'"

Of Barry Pain he said: "I prefer him in his serious moods; I don't care so much for his humor. Zangwill has made an excellent beginning with 'The Children of the Ghetto.'"

"But he told me the other day that he did not care to continue writing about Jewish life."

"Indeed, that's very curious, that a man should not care to continue doing what he can do so well. And I should think there's a fine field for such work. Up to the present there has not been a novelist of real Jewish life, for somehow or other I don't think George Eliot's Jews can be regarded as creatures of flesh and blood.

"As a rule," continued Mr. Hardy, after a pause in our conversation, "I think it is a mistake for a man to begin publishing when he's very young. A man's first efforts are almost sure to be imitative. What was my own beginning? Well, I scribbled from the age of sixteen, but my first book was not published till 1871. The first thing of mine which saw the light was a short paper in 'Chambers's Journal,' which I called 'How I Built Myself a House,' written when I was still designing churches with Sir Arthur Blomfield, whose portrait, by the way, hangs over there."

Mr. Hardy indicated the engraved picture of a fine, intellectual-looking old man, which hangs by the side of the overmantel. "It was a fine school," adds Mr. Hardy, "the school of Street, R.A., and others, who were really artists just awakening and feeling their way; and though they were all wrong, their stage of thought was one that it was necessary to pass through. There are architects and architects, of course; some who are true artists, others who can be better described as builders."

Of Mrs. Hardy's artistic talent the walls of Max Gate give evidence in the shape of various water-color sketches of rural scenes. In the drawing-room, too, there is a most interesting series of pictures by Herkomer, Du Maurier, Strang, and Alfred Parsons—the originals of the illustrations in his novels.

Mrs. Hardy then showed me a book in which she keeps a record of the names of the people and the places in her husband's books. From these interesting notes I learn that by "Budmouth" Mr. Hardy means Weymouth; by "Wintoncester," Winchester; by "Melchester," Salisbury; while the original of "Sandbourne" was Bournemouth.

Looking through this book, one is struck by the error of a common conception of Thomas Hardy's work—the error which supposes his books to be exclusively of rural life generally, and of the life of the Wessex peasantry in particular. In respect to "Two on a Tower," "A Laodicean," "Desperate Remedies," one comes across the names of different localities in London, and towns on the Continent, for example.

"It is curious," the novelist remarked, when I had finished with Mrs. Hardy's book, "how differently people regard the use I have made of their ancestors or of their ancestral residences. At a dinner-party, the lady I have taken into the room has asked me if I could not put her house into my next book, while other people have been angry because I have done so."

"I suppose most of your knowledge of these old romances in 'A Group of Noble Dames' is gained from hearsay, not from printed records?"

"Nearly all. In this story of 'The Countess of Wessex' the only fact that can be learned from the records—and it was this, of course, which first attracted my attention—is that the child was married at that age. That is given in the usual way: born in such a year, married at another date, twelve years later. The other facts in the story have been handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation. It is a singular fact that I am personally acquainted with eight ladies who are her direct descendants, and they are nearly all as piquant as she."

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is similarly founded on events which actually happened in a family which is now living, although some of the novelist's indignant correspondents are quite unaware of the fact. The old house of the D'Urbervilles, for example, in which Tess makes her confession on the day of her marriage with Angel Clare, is but ten miles from Max Gate. It is known, not as "Wellbridge House," but as "Woolbridge House." It has been much sketched and photographed since the story was published.

One cannot fail to observe, in the course of a talk with Thomas Hardy, how deep is his attachment to the scenes he has described so well, how keen his appreciation of the sentiment which clings to many of the old aspects and disappearing customs of rural life in Wessex. He laments, for one thing, the abolition of the old choirs in the village churches, in respect to which, as many will remember, there is so pathetic a story in "Under the Greenwood Tree." And he views with regret the desuetude into which the old village dances on Christmas Eve and May Day have fallen.

Mr. Hardy is not a little interested in the evidences of the Roman occupation which the district of Dorchester affords. From the garden around his own house he has taken a goodly collection of stones, coins, and other relics of the Roman period. Among the most curious things in a box which was brought into the room for my inspection was a Roman lady's fibula.

"It is the duplicate of one which they have in the

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British Museum," explained Mr. Hardy, as I examined the time-worn jewel. "There it is described as a 'cloak-fastener.' But this, I think, must be an error, for I took this from off a female skull, where it had evidently fastened a band around the head."

Some of his prizes Mr. Hardy has sent to the Dorchester Museum, the committee of which institution has the honor of numbering him among its members.

"Few people in Dorchester, I am afraid, think much of the memorials of the town's past. Some time ago a shopkeeper, in making some alterations, pulled down an old Gothic doorway, and it would have been carted away with other 'rubbish' had it not been discovered in time. The stones were then taken to the Museum, but as it is only a small building, they were found to be in the way there, and the question arose, 'What is to be done with them?' The committee interviewed the house-owner, and asked him to allow the doorway to be put back again in its original position. He agreed to this after some demur, on our agreeing to pay all the expenses."

Max Gate is so named from an old toll-house which stood at the Fordington end of Dorchester, quite close to the spot where Mr. Hardy seven years ago built his house as a "writing-box." The house is not very large, nor of pretentious design, but, standing on high ground, it is swept by healthful breezes, and is it not in the midst of the country in which the novelist's ancestors held land and exercised feudal sway, and from which he has drawn so rich a harvest of romance and fancy? Walking from Max Gate to the railway station at the other end of the town, one easily recognizes the "Casterbridge" of which Mr. Henchard was Mayor; and in the train, beginning the journey back to London, one sees it as it is described in the novel, "an indistinct mass behind a dense stockade of limes and chestnuts, set in the midst of rotund down and concave field."

My Study Fire

Lightness of Touch

One of the happiest evidences that work has become play, and the strenuous temper of the artisan has given place to the artist's ease of mood, is that peculiar lightness of touch which is so elusive, so difficult, and yet so full of the ultimate charm of art. Does not Professor J. R. Seeley miss the point when he says: "Literature is perhaps at best a compromise between truth and fancy, between seriousness and trifling. It cannot do without something of popularity, and yet the writer who thinks much of popularity is unfaithful to his mission; on the other hand, he who leans too heavily upon literature breaks through it into science or into practical business"? He is speaking of Goethe, who sometimes leans so heavily on his art that he breaks through into philosophy, and whose verse, in didactic moods, comes perilously near prose; but is his general statement of the matter adequate or accurate? There is, it is true, literature so light in treatment and so unsubstantial in thought that it is distinctly trifling; "The Rape of the Lock," for instance, is in one sense a trifle, but as a trifle it is so perfect that it betrays a strong and steady hand behind it. Professor Seeley does not, however, limit the application of his statement; he evidently means to suggest that there is an element of trifling in literature as an art, for he puts it in antithesis with seriousness. Is there not an imperfect idea of art involved in this statement, and does not Professor Seeley confuse the ease and grace of literature with trifling?

There is, especially among English-speaking peoples, a lack of the artistic instinct, nowhere more discernible than in the inability to take art itself seriously, and to impute to it a lack which inheres not in art itself, but in the perception of the critic. Moral seriousness is a very noble quality, but it is by no means the only form of seriousness. It may even be suspected that there is something beyond it; a seriousness less strenuous, and therefore less obvious, but a seriousness more fundamental because more reposeful, and sustained by a wider range of relationships. Strain and stress have a dramatic as well as a moral interest, and often quite obscure those silent and unobtrusive victories which are won, not without sore struggle, but without dust and tumult. There are few things so deceptive as the lightness of touch which evidences the presence of the highest art; it means that the man is doing creatively what he once did mechanically. It is the very highest form of seriousness, because it has forgotten that it is serious; it has passed through self-consciousness into that unconscious mood in which a man does the noblest and most beautiful things of which he is capable, without taking thought that they are noble or beautiful. In the unfolding of character, where moral aims are most distinct and moral processes most constant, there must come a time when a man is genuine and sound as nature is fruitful, by the law of his own being. He passes beyond the stage when he needs to say to himself every hour and with intensest self-consciousness, "I must do right;" it becomes his habit to do right.

Lightness of touch is not based on lack of seriousness; it is, rather, the product of a seriousness which no longer obtrudes itself, because it has served its purpose. Shakespeare was not less serious when he wrote the exquisite calendar of flowers in "The Winter's Tale" than when he drew the portrait of Hector, but he was a greater artist; he had mastered his material more completely; he had touched the ultimate goal of his art. His touch is infinitely lighter in "The Tempest," where his imagination plays with the freedom and ease of a natural force, than in "Troilus and Cressida," where he more than once leans too heavily on poetry and breaks through into philosophy. The philosophy is extremely interesting, but it is not poetry; it rather illustrates the difference between the strenuous and the artistic mood, and throws a clear light on the process of evolution by which the heavy touch is transformed into that light, sure, self-effacing touch which gives us the thing to be expressed without any consciousness of the manner of the expression.

Milton's voice has great compass and his manner great nobleness in "Paradise Lost," but the purest and therefore the best poetry that came from his hand is to be found in "L'Allegro," "Il Penserosa," "Lycidas," the masque of "Comus," and the fragments of the "Arcades." These tender and beautiful lyrics, in which nobility of idea and ease of manner are so perfectly blended, were the products of the poet's most harmonious hours, when he was not less a Puritan because he was so much more the poet; when his mood was not less serious, but his relation to his time had less of self-consciousness in it; when he touched the deepest themes with consummate grace and lightness.

Goethe is at his best when his touch is lightest, and at his worst when it is heaviest. His lyrics are unsurpassed in that magical ease whose secret is known only to the masters of verse; he is as spontaneous, unforced, and fresh as a mountain rivulet. In his letters to Schiller he emphasizes the dependence of the poet on the unconscious, creative mood. When this mood possesses him, the didactic tendency disappears, and the glowing spirit of poetry shines in song, ballad, and lyrical romance; he is all fire, grace, and lightness. But when the spontaneous mood forsakes him, and he writes by force of his training and skill, how slow and heavy is his flight, how cold and obvious his touch! He is nowhere more in earnest than in these inimitable songs, and has nowhere else a touch so devoid of manner, so instinct with grace and freedom.

The lightness of touch which charms us in literature is not trifling; it is mastery. Whoever possesses it has gotten the better of his materials and of himself, and has brought both into subjection to that creative mood which pours itself out in finalities and perfections of speech and form as naturally as the vitality of a plant bursts into a flower which is both obviously and inexplicably beautiful. Whenever we come upon lightness of touch, we are in contact with a work of art; whenever we miss it, the work that lacks it may be noble, worthy, full of evidences of genius, but it is not a work of supreme artistic excellence.

H. W. M.

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Ancestral Blessings and Curses

By the Rev. C. Van Norden

Science is doing no better work to-day than in verifying the wonderful laws of heredity. We are clearly shown that a man owes more to nature than to nurture, more to his disposition than to his education. It has become very evident that we inherit brain-structure, and, with this, instincts, habits, modes of thought, together with both healthful and morbid tendencies. The vices of parents engender vicious appetites in children; while parental virtues consecrate the young to an upright life.

Literary critics have so far imbibed the scientific spirit of the times that they analyze character in the light afforded by family history. The famous Sainte-Beuve, in order to form a correct estimate of historical personages, employed physiology, noted the links of consanguinity, observed the parents, and read up the history of ancestors. Taine, in a critical letter on George Sand, congratulates himself and her admirers that "we know, with details, the father and the mother of George Sand, and her grandparents to the fourth generation. We have their letters, we know their private life, we can follow from the King Augustus, through the Marshal de Saxe, Madame Dupin, the Commandant Dupin, down to George Sand herself, the transmission of an original temperament, of particular faculties, which, exaggerated, attenuated, renewed, or transformed by successive crosses, attained their highest development and their most perfect harmony in the final genius who summed them up."

Moreover, by both science and literature, a preponderance of ancestral blessing over ancestral curse is vigorously declared. We are assured that the good prevails over the bad in the long run, that worthless races melt away before the more vigorous, that in the same stock dead branches break and fall to give air and light to living ones, and that even in the individual life the better tends to master the worse. We are informed that "the fittest survive," and that civilization is the result of the general preponderance of good over evil, with an ultimate prospect of a nobler man to come, and a universal reign of peace and good will.

When these affirmations come from the camps of infidelity, with flourish of trumpets over the novelty of their alleged discovery, a vague alarm spreads through the armies of the faithful, and many, on first hearing, do not hesitate to denounce these things as unscriptural and as false to human history. Yet to the thoughtful and courageous student of the Word they have a very familiar sound; and the alarmed have only to open their Bibles at the right place to be convinced that science is but verifying and literature using an ancient faith. As early as Sinai and by no less an authority than Moses, and he as God's mouthpiece, were all these things stated with great clearness and intense emphasis. It was written in the Ten Commandments: "I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and showing mercy unto thousands [evidently of generations] of them that love me and keep my commandments." Clearly this was not a dogma, but a physiological fact applied and explained. It was a pictorial way of declaring that the law of inheritance carried a moral significance, showing at once God's righteous indignation and his infinite compassion. It was threat or promise, according to one's attitude toward Jehovah. Unto the third and even fourth generation descended the results of an evil course, while righteousness bore fruit unto thousands of generations. The child of the sinner inherited the curse of the sin, and the child of the righteous shared in its father's blessing; but while the curse transmitted itself in diminution through several generations, the blessing flowed on and on in ever-swelling tide. And that this conception of human history was no passing snatch of philosophy, conditioned by surroundings and age, appears when it is found that everywhere and at all times these principles were applied by the Hebrew prophets to current events and men. Job declared the universal belief when he said: "God layeth up his iniquity for his children." And Jeremiah restated the whole matter when he averred of his Maker, "Thou shewest loving kindness unto thousands [of generations?], and recompensest the iniquity of the fathers into the bosom of their children after them." The curse of Ahab, of Jeroboam, of Saul, fell upon their children and grandchildren; but the blessing of Abraham—a rill gathering into a river to overflow into a sea—should run on forever.

No most zealous believer in Holy Scripture, then, need feel it a sacrilege to believe and declare that God's blessing is far more wide-reaching and active than his curse; that his mercy will give far more than his wrath withholds; and that in history the better tendencies in human nature struggle upward into view, while the worse gradually die out.

Man is twofold. He is of himself a unit, and yet as well the part of a larger whole. Bound up in the mysterious "bundle of life," he is cursed for sins he did not commit, and blessed for a righteousness which preceded him; just as the storm-cloud bursts over him that was generated in other lands and the sunbeams warm him from a star millions of miles away. He is so far a victim of circumstance, or, if you prefer, of fatality. But within these limits he is free. The curse which he inherits does not prove him a sinner; nor does the blessing that comes down establish him a saint. It is simply his misfortune, or his good fortune, as the case may be. For moral character is personal within the limits of freedom, and cannot be inherited. We may inherit brain-structure, with a bias, a tendency, a habit; but desert and blame must be the forthcome of personal existence. Indeed, an inherited curse, so far from being a sin, must be, in a certain left-handed way, a blessing: it will extenuate guilt in the final reckoning. When one comes to be judged before the bar of God, an ancestral curse will surely palliate guilt. The man who has had few chances in life and many disabilities will be rated with a discerning leniency, while he who has inherited intelligence, good nature, health, and treasure will be expected to give satisfactory account of every investment of his talents. It is on this principle that we exalt the self-control of George Washington; it triumphed in spite of a furious natural temper.

Keeping well in mind this great law of accountability gauged on opportunity, inherited blessings and curses become simply part of God's pictorial method of dealing with our race; they permit history to become a sublime volume of morals, with chapter after chapter of pictorial appeal. Had men been created solitary, unconnected with previous inhabitants of earth and without influence upon successors, all continuity of human existence must have been impossible, and tendencies could have had no opportunity for rise, expansion, and legitimate results. Of history there would have been none. Necessarily, by far the larger part of us, and especially that in us which guarantees the movements of ages and steady unfoldings of civilization, is inherited. Men and women—insignificant alone, mere drops of being—when rolled together in unbroken continuity, like drops of water, make rivers, tides, tempests, oceans.

And so the lessons of each individual life become intensely emphasized by history's sublime parable in the tendencies and results which, working through ages, form dramatic instruction for innumerable lives from generation to generation. Men and women die, and often long ere their work is done. Death is illogical, inconsequent; ends nothing and settles nothing. Poetic justice seldom can be satisfied within the limits of any single life. But races live, until their problem is worked out, until their desert is attained, until justice is satisfied. The history of a man is always like Thucydides's History of the Peloponnesian war—cut short in the middle of a sentence; but the history of mankind is a succession of grand dramas, with their themes, their successive acts, and their catastrophes. Therein the deadliness of sin's virus, the forthflowing, life-giving sweetness of virtue, and the equity of God become lessons for all future time. The story of

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Babylon, of Rome, of Jerusalem—what sublime studies!—studies in folly, in wisdom, in righteousness, in depravity. But we need not go back to antiquity. The history of intemperance and of slavery and the Indian problem in the present age will vividly illustrate the significance of ancestral blessings and curses. By the method of heredity, God shows us that the very touch of sin is lively contagion; he tells us that he would have all men upright, never so pointedly as when causing his light to fall upon the path of human justice until it shines more unto the perfect day, from age to age.

And in the dying out of evil and the survival of good, through the generations, what an uplift there is for faith, hope, and courage! Let the scientist in his laboratory and the poet amid his dreams look forward to that

one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves.

Nothing in nature, art, or revelation forbids the generous enthusiasm.

It is meet for the unfortunate to be patient and to wait and trust. It is meet for the talented to be humbly busy about their investments for the Lord. And, for all, there can be no nobler ambition than to aspire to form part of the onward and upward movement of human history, to be worthy to suppress the ancestral curse and to transmit the ancestral blessing, to develop humanity and to hasten the reign of righteousness and peace.

Bose

By Eva Wilder McGlasson

She had been crying at intervals all the afternoon, and, though it was well on towards dusk, and lights were beginning to redden here and there in village windows, she still sighed now and then, and made furtive little dabs at her eyes with a damp ball of a handkerchief.

The green-shaded lamp on the sitting-room mantel revealed her as a slight young woman, whose small face seemed once to have been of a pink and dimpled sort, but which now was merely pale and thin, under a disordered fluffiness of light hair.

Though it was May, and trees were all in leaf, a fire cackled in the sheet-iron stove near which she sat. There was a shawl about her shoulders, and on a table hard by a bottle of camphor stood.

She looked up with a nervous start as the door opened, admitting a tall, gaunt woman in a purple calico gown. The newcomer carried a cup of tea. She walked with stiff precision. Everything about her—lean cheeks, twisted gray hair, and sharp chin—had a certain rigor, borne out in the very tones of her voice.

"My goodness!" she cried, observing the lax young figure by the stove, "you ain't still a-goin' on over that cat, I hope, Mattie Slosson!—a-losin' strength jest as fast as you gain it!"

Mattie sighed, but said nothing.

"Because if you are," went on the older woman, "I'm bound to say it's all foolishness. I can't say that cat wasn't as pretty a Maltee as I ever saw, but I don't believe in takin' on over a cat like it was a human. I do not. So fur as I'm concerned, I feel madder about losin' it than I do sorry. Raisin' it up from a kitten jest to hev your neighbor's dog run it to death makes me ragin', so it does."

The girl by the stove turned a glance of sad questioning.

"Sis' Sarah," she asked, gently, "do you know whose dog it was?" Miss Sarah's lips stiffened.

"Mebby I do."

"Was it *his*—I mean was it Bose? I kind of hate to think it was Bose." She flushed a little under her sister's sharp glance.

"No matter what dog it was," premised Sarah, grimly, "he'll get his dues when I ketch him, that's all." She tossed her head as she left the room.

A candle in a pewter holder flickered on the table in the kitchen. Its fanning flame touched the tins on the wall and made a pool of color on the yellow enamel-cloth table-cover. Through the small gray window could be seen vague tree-shapes and the dim bulk and lighted panes of neighboring houses. One particular window glowing brightly just across a garden-space to the southward seemed to fix Sarah Closson's regard. She lifted a menacing finger.

"It was your dog," she whispered—"your dog. 'Twasn't enough, Hiram Conner, that you must treat my sister like you did—payin' her attentions and wheedlin' around her constant and then quittin' off all of a suddent without sayin' so much as good-evenin'—that wasn't enough. You must go to work and keep a savage houn' dog to run her cat to death—a'most the only thing she took any interest in!" She had paused, with her long finger still uplifted, though now her attitude suggested a grotesque conception of Retribution less than one of Silence.

There was a little, soft, padding sound on the porch outside. Miss Sarah's eyes fired. She laid a quick hand on the latch. A pair of round bright eyes, set between long flapping ears of yellowish brown, revealed themselves in the outer gloom.

"Begone!" said Miss Sarah, sternly. But Bose, apparently accustomed to her tones and to the fact that something to eat generally followed her worst threats, stood quite still, with his red tongue lolling. That he had been seen that very morning chasing a gray cat across the garden-space between his master's house and the Slosson cottage did not seem to weigh upon Bose's remembrance. He thumped his tail on the porch floor with the utmost good will, while Miss Sarah reflected upon the fate of the gray cat and tried to be glad that the gray cat's slayer was in her hand.

Retreating into the room, Miss Sarah made a clicking sound with her lips. This note of invitation Bose responded to at once in the liveliest fashion, by leaping into the kitchen and about Miss Sarah's gaunt figure.

But his frisking only deepened Miss Sarah's resentment. The dog seemed to partake of the traits she attributed to his master, and those frolicsome impulses suggested a reprehensible unconcern for past faults.

The elder Miss Slosson, standing stiff and straight in the middle of the kitchen, recalled vividly the evenings when, at precisely half-after seven, Mr. Conner's step had been wont to sound on her front porch. In those times there was always a fire in the parlor of Friday nights, and while Mr. Conner's voice and Mattie's mingled in the gayest talk and laughter, Miss Sarah, sitting by herself over the kitchen stove, had been used to meditate upon the time when her loneliness should be permanent instead of transitory. They were only half-sisters, the two "Slosson girls," and the difference in their ages had given an almost maternal character to Sarah's regard for Mattie. She had felt that, when Mattie married, life would be singularly empty, but she had reconciled herself to Hiram Conner because there was really no objection to be raised against him. He was the only son of a well-to-do family, and Sarah rejoiced that, since Mattie must marry at all, her choice was upon so reasonable a basis.

"Your sister's going to do right well. I hear her and Hiram Conner's going to make a match of it," said a neighbor to Sarah.

"I d' know as it's anything of a match for Mattie," proudly protested Sarah. "She's been raised to everything—organ-playin' and all."

"He's a well-fixed young man, Miss Sarah."

"I reckon he'll do. But I reckon Mattie could do better. I d' know as he's jest the man I'd pick out for her."

After all this arrangement of the young people's affairs, it began to be noted in the village that Hiram Conner had suddenly ceased visiting the peaked white cottage of the Slossons. Speculation was rife. Every one wondered what had happened. It was useless to question Miss Sarah. In the first place, she would have resented a question; and, in the second place, she was herself in a daze of bewilderment.

Mattie, too, though she said nothing, appeared ignorant

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as to Mr. Conner's motives. For a month or so, of Friday nights, she crimped her fair hair and tied a riband about her slim throat, and lighted the parlor fire, and played little tunes on the organ far into the evening. Then she seemed to give over all expectancy. She waxed pale and thin and sat much at the window, looking with large, hopeless eyes into the street—the long village street which was so empty because a young man with a wholesome but most unheroic redness in his cheeks no longer fared up its shady length to the Slossons' cottage.

All these things passed through Sarah's mind as she frowned upon Bose.

"A life fer a life is Scripter," she said to herself; and this oneness of her intention with the law and the prophets seemed to nerve her.

She took a small bottle from a shelf, and poured a little of its contents into a saucer of milk. Bose sniffed at it warily. He tasted it and shook his ears. His round yellow eyes, as he paused with an uplifted paw to glance at Miss Sarah, gave her a pang. She made as if to snatch the saucer swiftly away, but jerked her hand behind her.

"I reckon that pore kitten suffered more than what *you* will," she said to Bose, observing that he had overcome his scruples and was gulping down the mixture.

There was a step on the threshold. Mattie stood leaning wearily against the jamb.

"Why!" she said, "are you feeding Bose? I didn't know you'd forgive him so soon. Bose! Bose! you didn't mean to hurt poor pussy, did you?" She laid her hand on Bose's head. "They say—Mr. Conner's real fond of Bose," she went on. "I suppose he's pretty lonesome since his mother died last fall."

"He don't deserve no sympathy," said Sarah, hardly conscious whether she meant Bose or his master. Mattie still dreamily fondled the dog's silk ears. Sarah, with a sort of guilty trepidation, regarded the little group. Bose was doomed. Miss Sarah did not know in just what measure of time toothache mixture, supposed largely to consist of laudanum, projects death upon the canine system.

Of one thing, however, she was certain: though Bose deserved his fate, she wished another hand than hers had meted it out to him. She was less a Spartan than she had fancied.

"I reckon I'll feel all right as soon as he's gone," she meditated. "He better go home," she said aloud. "I d' know but he has fleas, anyway. Here, Bose!" she opened the door, and Bose dejectedly departed.

The next morning she looked out with a sense of apprehension. No inert furry heap, however, lay at her door. Justice, no doubt, was by this time satisfied, but the victim was not in sight, and Miss Sarah breathed again.

"I wish Bose 'd come over for these chicken-bones," said Mattie that night after supper. She went to the door. The little path Bose had made through the intervening garden-space by his frequent trips between his own and the Slossons' abode could be seen in the twilight. But though the girl softly called him, no Bose responded.

"You sent him home last night," she said to Sarah. "Maybe his feelings were hurt!" She laughed as she spoke.

"Well, I hope he'll stay where he belongs," said Sarah, sharply; "trackin' the porch up with his muddy paws!" Her voice sounded strange, and she made a great clatter with the tea-things.

A day or two passed on. Though it had, of course, been necessary that Bose or Justice should die, Miss Sarah had a growing remorse at having meddled with the forces of life and death. She looked into the almanac and found that a dog's tenure of life was fifteen years.

"He was only one," she mused. "I've took fourteen years of chicken-bones and rabbit-huntin' and dog-pleasures gener'ly from that pore creature. If he hed a hereafter I wouldn't feel so. But he only hed life, and that's what I took. I 'most wish I hedn't done it. I d' know but a dog's higher 'n' a cat, anyway."

She gave a small groan.

"Don't you feel just right?" asked Mattie. She was so used to being the one whose symptoms were matters of interest that, for a moment, Sarah's possible headache rather surprised her.

"You'd better go and get a little fresh air," she advised. "You've been cooped up in the house too much lately. To please me, Sarah, take a little walk, won't you?"

"Mebby it 'd do me good," said Sarah. "I'll go down and get some fresh eggs from old lady Winston. You always relish 'em for breakfast."

It was late in the afternoon, and the sun was sending low shafts of yellow through the wayside trees. Blue jays were calling shrilly, and a canary in a cage outside a cottage window lilted up a sweet note of reply.

Sarah, with a basket on her arm and with a checked sunbonnet over her gray head, walked down the paveless street. Hiram Conner's square brick house lifted importantly into view. Sarah, giving it a furtive, unwilling glance, decided that it wore rather an unkept air since his mother's death. Chickens were straying about the front yard.

"If Bose was 'round," thought Miss Sarah, "them hens wouldn't dast to scratch up the garden." But Bose was not around. Some one had been turning up the sod in a corner of the yard, and Miss Sarah had a sharp qualm. Perhaps Bose was buried there? She drew nearer the fence, and as she did so a man came round a corner of the house. He was a young fellow, with a straw hat over his eyes, and as he saw Miss Sarah peering over the pickets he started and drew up short.

She looked up, and he said, rather stiffly, "Good-day." Miss Sarah did not reply to this, but he stepped something closer and said: "Why, Miss Slosson, I—I just thought I'd tell you how sorry I am about Bose killing your cat. Mrs. Gray told me. I'd of felt bad about it, anyhow, but happening like it did—your sister's cat—I can't tell you how sorry I am."

Miss Sarah took this coldly.

"I don't reckon bein' sorry ever quite squares things," she said. He flushed angrily.

"No," he cut in with heat, "it don't. No one ought to feel that more than you, Miss Sarah. When you've spoiled a man's happiness, being sorry don't help him. And I don't know as you've said anything about regretting—all that."

Miss Sarah drew a quick breath.

"I didn't know you set so much store onto him as all that," she said. "But I will say this: I'm sorry I done it. I ben sorry ever since. I have so. And the thing that haunts me worst is the feelin' that I didn't p'ison him for killin' the cat so much as for belongin' to *you*. There, now, I've said it." She stood with a shaking hand upon the fence-rail.

Hiram Conner's face wore a bewildered expression.

"I don't seem to get your meaning just right," he owned. "What I'm blaming you for is for saying to folks that I was no match for her—for Mattie. If you felt like that—you and her—you oughtn't to have encouraged me. All I hope is that whoever she marries will be as good to her as I'd of been. Why—Miss Sarah!" His exclamation was due to the fact that Miss Sarah had stumbled weakly against the fence, with her face working.

"It's me, then?" she murmured. "It's me that's ben causing her all this sorrow! I—oh, Hiram! I said it, yes, I said them very things! but 'twas out'n pride. I didn't mean 'em like they was told you. And, Hiram!—she's missed you—Mattie has—she's missed you."

The young fellow's face fired.

"Honest?" he asked, sternly. "Don't you tell me that unless—oh, Miss Sarah! has she *missed* me?"

The woman nodded.

"I'm going right down to see her," he burst out, throwing the gate open. But Miss Sarah caught at his sleeve.

"You don't bear me any hard feelin's, then, Hiram?"

"Hard feelings?"

"For killin' Bose."

They were hurrying along under the beeches, and he turned and gave her a wondering look.

"Killing Bose! Why, he's out in my barnyard. That's

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him barking right now. I've kept him tied since he killed the cat."

"But I p'isoned him!" gasped Miss Sarah. "With toothache medicine. It had a skull and crossbones onto the label."

"Maybe the strength was lost," conjectured Conner; but the matter stirred only a surface portion of his mind, for they had neared the Slosson cottage, and at the sitting-room window he caught sight of a little fair face which flushed and then turned very white.

The Spectator

What a queer, elfish tribe are these children of the New York streets! Before he became conscious of them, the Spectator had been for some weeks walking with unfamiliar feet through the thoroughfares of their great city. With so much that was vast to hold an unaccustomed eye, it was not wholly unnatural to miss what swarmed but at the height of the knee. The Thanksgiving season was what first opened the Spectator's eyes. Then the street-children arose to force themselves upon the most unseeing eyes and into the most unhearing ears. Out they poured from their haunts like little gnomes. There were lilliputian processions led by fife and drum, with flags afloat and false faces as disguises. Costumes seemed, indeed, the order of the day, as though the little wizened faces and joints distorted by malnutrition did not sufficiently misrepresent their babyhood. The boys' fancy was to dress as girls, or, at worst, to wear a ragged shawl pinned at the waist; the girls contented themselves with false beards and mustaches, or simply ragged finery. One wee baby the Spectator saw, dragged by an elder sister in the wake of a gay procession. The baby was entering his protest, for some reason or other, in loud wails of distress half smothered in a grinning false face which he wore. There was something almost too strong in the irony of the contrast. It seemed in a way to express the whole cavalcade formed of poor, dirty, bedraggled, bedecked little wretches.

❀

He is so old, so phenomenally old, the New York street-child. It has been said with authority that a new-born babe often bears a fleeting but curiously exact resemblance to some grandparent. Perhaps the knowledge of life's battle past and a strange prescience of the struggle to come gives the same expression. Certainly with the little gamin of New York the look of age is strongly and not fleetingly marked. The baby in arms might be father to the man who holds it. A certain café which the Spectator frequents is haunted by such a little ghost of a boy-Methuselah, who appears with papers under his arm. Usually his head is bare and his hair ruffled by the wind of the open square he has crossed outside. Doubtless the unprotected head is part of a plan conceived by an acute mind in the background to wring the hearts of spectators. In the case of one Spectator the ruse (if it be one) invariably succeeds. The little tousled head wanders from table to table. Surely no artifice set the weary eyes in that face, or painted its whiteness. The coppers in the Spectator's pocket burn there. "'World'—one cent!" His little world is not worth that! A strict education in organized charity can never keep those hot coppers in the Spectator's pocket. Yet this scrap of humanity is but a drop in that bucket which no rope yet woven is able to draw from the depths of the well where it is sunk.

❀

In New York it is not necessary to wear seven-league boots for stepping from the habitat of one order of child to the domain of another. The Spectator has found a certain interest in walking for a block amid the swarming children of squalor and filth, then just turning a step aside to find himself in another world for babies. It is a better world, of course, but to the eyes of a newcomer New York is the hardest of cities upon its children, whether born to the gutter or to the purple. With a flutter of lace, velvets, silks, and satins, the baby-carriages of the favored sweep by like triumphal chariots. Little toddlers walk beside their nurses sedate in their harlequin apparel—clothes seems a word inadequate. Are these the dear delights for babyhood? The Spectator has passed down such a line of nurses and their royal charges with a longing born mightily in his soul to give a party—a Pinafore Party—the pinafores provided by himself and made of brown holland. At the entrance door all apparel should be exchanged for pinafores; the entertainment in the reception-room should be a sand-heap for "Sebastopol." that delightful game of the Spectator's childhood; nor would the wherewithal for mud pies be absent.

❀

Though the street-child on its native heath is not a happy sight for any child-lover, by law of contrast it may become a relief to see the children playing freely in the gutters. To reach this state of mind one must first share an experience which was the Spectator's not many days ago. Discovering an immediate need of a four-cent article, he ventured into an "emporium" where he was told to seek it, or rather he let himself drift with a human maelstrom and was swept into the salesroom. Having waited ten minutes for a clerk, the Spectator secured one, selected the purchase, paid for it, and waited again for the system of checking and wrapping to be carried out. After a second ten minutes thus wasted (five minutes for each cent spent) the Spectator's mounting impatience resolved itself into a question: "Why is this?" There seemed no dearth of clerks, and all worked with nervous haste. The reason was not far to seek. The clerks were for the most part children. There were a few women scattered here and there, but children were the chief employees. As the Spectator watched their work, he wondered that anything was correct or on time.

❀

Just above his head stood a child caged under a gas-jet in a high wooden box. She wore spectacles, as did many of the other children in her position, and her duty was to receive the change, attest its correctness, wrap the bought articles, check them, and return them again to the counter where the purchaser waited. How that child accomplished her task was an enigma. As the cards rose in a body and flew at poor Alice in her trip to Wonderland, so were articles of every kind flung up to the little abacist. Some hit the desk where she stood, a few hit her; the Spectator's package struck the floor and lay there uncommented upon by the owner, who was no longer impatient. There was a more active sensation in his heart and brain. If anything represents the slaughter of the innocents, such a system does. Identity had vanished. "221!" shrieked the little accountant. The child so designated responded sharply. It seemed that No. 221 had made some fault in her check, and of this the small accountant was accusing her. Now she was bending down from her high perch toward the counter, until it seemed impossible that she should not fall headlong unless her feet were spiked to the floor. Again she was thrashing madly among the rapidly accumulating papers for a "*duplikit*" which she called for and sought in vain. She was as a little harpy, unclean of hands, with flying hair and strident voice, and with no trace of childhood in her wizened face. It was not a pretty sight, but, his eyes once opened, the Spectator saw more of a like character—and worse—on all sides of him.

❀

"Who give yer that?" one premature woman of fourteen years asked another, a little younger, who was examining a tawdry ring, evidently a new one, on her own finger. "Birthday," said the ring's owner, proudly. "Feller?" The little girl of the ring looked as crestfallen as she was truthful. "Gran'pop," she answered, reluctantly. "Huh!" said the other, turning contemptuously away. It was but a straw, yet how the wind blew came out at the next counter. There a woman, one in some authority apparently, was scolding a little girl in a high, ugly voice easily heard by every one near.

"Why didn't you wait for me?" she cried. "I know. You saw that man at the counter." Here followed what was nothing short of an oath: "—— You can't any of you see a man come in but you must run crazy."

The Spectator took up his four-cent article and went out of the store. As he walked down the street he most reprehensibly gave some coins to the first free ragged beggar-child he met, and wished the sum were more.

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The Home

An Important Decision

The question of woman suffrage is one that is forcing itself upon the attention of women all over the country. Even conservative women have become friendly to the cause, if not advocates of it. No intelligent woman can afford to treat the subject of woman suffrage with indifference. She must face the question whether she will or no. All intelligent women agree that women should be represented on every Board of Education; the most conservative women agree that in small towns and villages it would be very much better for the cause of education were women represented on the Board. Women agree universally that the subject of street-cleaning is of enough importance for them to organize Health Protective Associations in order to secure clean streets. The more intelligent, earnest, and energetic the members are, the more certain is the life of the officials of the health department to be made miserable when they neglect their duty in the smallest degree. On the question of license, women are almost a unit in the belief that their ballots would prove a positive influence against the liquor traffic if they had a vote on the license question.

There is another side to it. The ballot granted to the intelligent woman counts for no more than the ballot granted to the unintelligent woman. Will the positive result of woman suffrage be for good? or will it be merely increasing the ignorant vote of the country to give the ballot to women? Should not women be prepared by years of study and investigation before the ballot is given to them? or will the giving of the ballot impel them to a larger intelligence on political questions—especially municipal questions, which affect the homes so closely?

One fact must never be lost sight of—that woman suffrage does not mean increase only in intelligent, conscientious, earnest voters, but it also means the increase of the unintelligent, the vicious, the ignorant voters. The problem is a serious one, and no amount of enthusiasm or admiration for one's sex should blind one to the possible evils that might follow the granting of the ballot to women, as well as the positive good that would result.

Overstrain in the Life of the School-Girl

By Gertrude Hope

For various reasons, the months of February and March constitute a season of storm and stress. Mothers, physicians, brain-workers, and business men dread their annual catastrophes, and with cause. These months also mark the crisis of the school year; and it is seriously to be doubted whether as many tears are shed over their sicknesses, bereavements, and business troubles as are called forth by their school vicissitudes. In the well-to-do and ambitious households of America, the anxieties centering about children—especially girls—of school age are profound and tragic. Most constant is the lament over "pressure" in the school-girl's programme. It often seems to pervade the social atmosphere. At teas and dinners it comes from the parents who demand the constant companionship of their young daughters. In the church and Sunday-school it is loudly emphasized by the toilers for religion and philanthropy.

Nine years ago the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ published a modest pamphlet which went far to refute the then prevalent cry of "sex in education." Instances gathered by college women and tabulated by the Bureau of Labor Statistics showed that under normal conditions the higher mental training had brought its recipients, not debility and tension, but vigor and force.

Those statistics are not voluminous or complete; their circulation has naturally been somewhat limited. But their subtle influence on public opinion has been deepened by the opinions and practices of the girl graduates themselves. In all centers of intelligence it is now fashionable for college women to be healthy, cheerful, and helpful, rather than sickly, morbid, and dependent. Young women at Vassar College, Bryn Mawr, Michigan, and the Harvard Annex do far more difficult work than their older sisters attempted twenty years ago. Yet "victims" of the college training are now hard to find. If a girl breaks down under it, the reason is usually sought in the right quarter: in poor preparation, in vacation cramming or dissipation, in bad nutrition, family anxieties, or other elements whose strain was felt outside the precincts of Alma Mater. Yet the question is still seriously asked, "Is the American woman deteriorating?" Many young girls fall by the wayside in the days of grammar and high-school, of academy or boarding-school, life. It seems wise to analyze those health questions which concern them. If they are indeed hurried, worried, overtasked, and overstrained young creatures, whose is the fault? Are their teachers overtraining them? Are their parents co-operating loyally with the schools? Is there a lack of proportion in American life? Is the girl more burdened than her brother? Is public opinion in any wise responsible for evils which popular clamor exaggerates?

The degree to which carefully registered facts may dispel cherished theory was illustrated during the Columbian Congress of Household Economics. A wise woman, having promised an essay on the affirmative side of an important question, presented its contradictory when her turn came. She explained that investigation had quite disproved her major premise! Something like this paradox confronted a company of college graduates some years since. In a number of typical schools, public and private, rural and urban, they circulated the following questions:

PHYSICAL CONDITION

Are you (1) subject to sleeplessness, or sleep disturbed by dreams? (2) to weak eyes? (3) to headache? (4) to indigestion? (5) excitable or low-spirited? (6) liable to worry over studies? Have you (7) inherited tendencies or disease? (8) incidental acute disease?

DIVISION OF TIME

What are your (1) hours of daily recitation? (2) of study? (3) hours and kinds of exercise out-of-doors? (4) in gymnasium? (5) hours and kinds of housework? (6) of piano-practice? (7) of painting, languages, etc., outside of school-work? (8) hour of retiring? (9) of rising? (10) hours for meals? (11) hours given to charitable or fancy work, and to novel-reading? (12) kind and amount of social intercourse? (13) kind and amount of recreation? (14) time spent in doing nothing?

The answers elicited were compared with the former sets of "Health Statistics," and several interesting conclusions followed. In very few cases was study found accountable for injury to health or nerves. Insufficient sleep, unsuitable food and clothing, lack of healthful exercise, social excitement, excessive piano-practice, the effort to do many things at once—all these had wrought untold mischief where genuine study had been crowded out.

Nervous pressure was found at its height in the most superficial schools—wherever *fashion* ruled methods of instruction and routine of life. Given an intelligent love of learning, wisely directed, and a rational home life, together with respect for the fundamental laws of health, girls suffered from study no more than boys. Health and nerves were "toned up" by the cheerful regularity of school life. Nervous wrecks had shattered upon some reef of bad inheritance or parental folly, not in the deep currents of sound learning.

It is but just to reckon the proportion of time, in actual days, weeks, and hours, given to school tasks. In the public schools, whose daily sessions are longest, but little more than half the days of the year remain for work, when

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Sundays, holidays, and vacations are deducted. In private schools, whose day is shorter, less than half the year is given to study. By reason of duration alone, therefore, home influences must preponderate in the school-girl's plans.

Here is the testimony given by a college graduate concerning the circumstances of pupils in a fashionable "boarding and day school:"

"Half-past nine o'clock P.M. is the earliest hour at which any girl retires; 2 A.M., the latest reported. Several are up until one, two nights a week. Twenty-six hours in social intercourse (in dinners, calls, receptions) is the most reported by any one girl in one week. One girl spends six hours a week at the dressmaker's. A day scholar was late at geometry one morning, so as to go down-town 'to buy the sweetest little pug you ever saw.' She 'couldn't wait until Saturday, for every girl in her set had one.' Another wonders whether she will lose her 'marks' in chemistry if she does not perform her experiments. 'You see, if I stay to do them, I can't leave until three o'clock; and I sha'n't have time to go to drive.' Even children in the primary departments are excused early for matinées and children's parties. Amateur theatricals, for charitable purposes, demand rehearsals every evening for two or three weeks—every evening taking two or three hours. Several of our pupils have been engaged in them. The absence of any serious purpose, the habit of regarding '*society*' as the end and aim, are sufficient to scatter serious considerations to the winds whenever they clash with social attractions. Nor is the actual time spent in frivolous diversions the end of the trouble; for many of them are in the highest degree taxing, exciting, exhausting, demanding as the price of indulgence lassitude of mind and body."

To complete this study of variations, one should record the weekly averages of the public-school girl and the pupil in a graded academy of real standing. But to those who have candidly studied these problems as conscientious teachers, as parents valuing education for its true ends and not as a social stepping-stone, all the popular notions about education seem to need revision. In our artificial, unsettled conditions of life the "crowding" which is so thoughtlessly deplored is in direct proportion to the individual's compliance with untrained public opinion. If the pupil's reason and powers of observation are trained in a good school, health becomes sacred to her; she meets occasions of fatigue with discretion and not with recklessness. In almost all public schools—and in fashionable schools according to their degree of fashion—girls are superficially taught, as well as confused by a multitude of jarring interests. Their force is wasted and their mental purposes are either perverted or blighted. Now, fashionable school and public school, different as they are, are alike the creations of their victims. Both are subject to transmitted prejudice, individual selfishness, and short-sighted whim. Local politics plays the part in the one which money-making motives usurp in the other. On one side long hours and over-drill, on the other pervasive worldliness and false standards, work the evils against which intelligent critics justly protest. In both, imperfect hygiene and wrong ideals waste mental and nervous force. The public schools will not be reformed until they pass from political domination into the direction of scientific educators. The fashionable finishing-schools will flourish so long as people who ask for bread are content with the costly stones which are proffered them in lieu thereof.

It means much that most public-school officers send their own children to those private schools where "cramming" and rank tests are discountenanced, the grading of pupils made genuine, and small classes reconciled with ample recitation hours. Here, too, the mistake of the individual parent is prevented from harming his own child or her companions. The heads of such schools must constantly protect their charges against family vanities and family burdens. They must jealously guard their hours of sleep, must even care for their diet. Not only must they ward off social tyranny; they must keep at bay that mechanism of church and charity which would make merchandise of bright young faces and too generous enthusiasms. To them we owe largely the growing protests against universal musical training, irrespective of talent or preference. Such righteous warfare as this can be waged successfully only when a school's financial basis or its hold on general respect secures its independence. If its directors are obliged to make money or to influence voters, its methods must obviously reflect the prejudices of its clientele. Those American school-girls who *are* overstrained cannot be relieved until Americans learn that the teacher must receive the deference given to other professional experts. The aristocracy of intellect must be a vital element in every genuine democracy of men.

An Important Measure

A very important bill for the creation of a National Bureau of Public Health is before Congress. The power given this Board, composed, of course, of men who meet with the entire approval of the medical societies of the country, should be almost autocratic. When an epidemic breaks out in a town, it should be their decision that would decide the sanitary measures to be employed to stamp out and prevent a return of the disease in all cases where the local board shows itself unfit or incapable of grappling with the local problems. The water-supply in all towns and cities is a matter that should receive a large share of the attention of this National Board, as so many of our epidemics are due to contaminated water-supplies. There comes to mind now a small hamlet in a mountain region that is threaded with beautiful mountain streams and trout-brooks. A tannery, with its workmen's houses, has been built on one of these streams, which is the water-supply of three other hamlets and a large town that is very popular as a summer resort for city people. The refuse of all kinds from these workmen's cottages is emptied directly into this stream, which is seven miles from the town. This stream is the dumping-ground and the sewer for the refuse of thirty families. There is no local Board of Health, and it is only a question of time when the people who visit this beautiful mountain resort will return home victims of typhoid fever, their deaths lowering the health-rate of their own cities, while the local papers will protest against people moving into houses that have been closed all summer, when the truth of the matter is that the disease is due to the contaminated water-supply of the place in which they have spent their summer. Not far from that region is one where there are not less than two hundred summer hotels within a radius of fifty miles, and it is safe to say that not more than three of these houses are properly equipped from a sanitary point of view. It would be infinitely better for people to remain at home, where they have large rooms, bath-rooms, and healthful water-supplies, than to crowd themselves into small rooms with few or no bathing facilities, with sanitary arrangements that are a disgrace to the civilization of our age, and to eat canned goods during the entire season, under the mistaken idea that they have made the change for the family's health. State Boards of Health seem to be a name merely. Rarely do we hear of them grappling successfully with any of the questions that arouse the interest or indignation of people living in small towns. The National Board of Health would, it is hoped, be entirely free from political control, and would become in a measure an agency for the enlargement of the knowledge not only of the medical profession, but of the people of the whole country.

I go at what I am about as if there were nothing else in the world for the time being. That's the secret of all hard-working men; but most of them can't carry it into their amusements. Luckily for me, I can stop from all work at short notice, and turn head over heels in the sight of all creation, and say, "I won't be good, or bad, or wise, or anything, till two o'clock to-morrow."—*Charles Kingsley.*

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The Friendship Fund

One of the saddest, and probably one of the most depressing, features of the present financial situation is that the working people who have been thrifty are now using up the last of their reserve fund, and, unless business revives soon, the greatest weeks of suffering are before us. It is not an easy question to know how to meet the situation. It is certainly a difficult matter to approach a friend and offer financial assistance, and it is equally difficult for the friend to ask for assistance; and friendship is, of course, the basis of contact and relation in working-girls' clubs. One girl in one of the clubs had an attack of pneumonia, and it was only by chance that it was discovered that she was without necessary food to help her through a period of convalescence. The case is the more serious when one considers that the girl has two sisters to support, and a mother. Of course the Friendship Fund is this girl's protection now. Another working-girl, not connected with the clubs, who has three orphan children of her sister to support, found herself unable to pay her rent. Here again in the Friendship Fund she found liberty. Another club girl with a sick mother and sister has managed to keep the rent paid, but ran in debt for her groceries. The grocer found he must have money; and this fund, through the medium of the Treasurer of the Working-Girls' Vacation Society, relieved the girl from this awful anxiety.

The case referred to in the issue of February 10, of the girl with a sick mother and sister, has been cared for. We do not wish our readers to feel that any case of special anxiety or suffering that comes to us outside of the Working-Girls' Vacation Society or the clubs will be unheeded. $10 has been sent to a widow who has a paralyzed mother, to pay her rent. A girl sixteen years old, who is living with her mother, two sisters, and two brothers in two rooms in a rear house on the East Side, has become a protégée of the contributors to this fund.

Previously acknowledged	$919 75
H., California	5 00
F. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.	5 00
E. A. C., Pasadena, Cal.	1 00
A Friend, Chatham, N. Y.	3 00
Total	$933 75

Picked Up

The Massachusetts State Board of Health has traced two outbreaks of typhoid fever to infected milk, and urges greater care on the part of consumers as to the source of supply of the milk furnished their families.

In a parish in Wales an invitation was sent to the members to attend a tea-meeting. The invitation read: "Each person to bring a cup and saucer and something to eat. Discussion after tea whether there shall be any religious instruction in schools."

A man who was born in Maine, but left it many years ago, recently returned. He was surprised, not at the changes in houses or the growth in towns, but at the hours devoted to business. He says that when he was a boy lawyers worked in their offices all the evening, factories ran until 7:30, and people never had any time for social life. Now, the returned traveler says, the evening is given to family and social life. He argues that a hundred years hence no one will work in the afternoon.

The study of hygiene and physiology has been made compulsory in the public schools of Connecticut. This is a triumph for the temperance people, as the purpose is to make the pupils familiar with the effects of narcotics and alcoholic drinks on the human system. In some of the towns the parents have refused absolutely to buy the text-books for their children, and the children have been suspended. The matter was carried to the courts. The children have been reinstated, but the parents have been ordered to buy the books. The committees in some towns have decided to buy the books for pupils whose parents are too poor to buy them, and to charge the expense to the town. This has aroused opposition on the part of some of the taxpayers. The friends of the movement claim that the opposition is due wholly to the liquor-dealers.

What a Blind Boy Accomplished

By Mary B. Claflin

It was a glorious May morning, and the old orchard in the valley at the foot of the Tennessee Mountains was shining with the early dew. Everything seemed full of life and hope and promise. The apple-blossoms and the violets, the woody ferns, and a thousand other flowers that had awakened from a long winter's rest, poured forth their delicious fragrance and sprinkled the green earth with touches of brilliant color—pink and blue and red and purple. Buttercups and dandelions shone like stars among the grass. The robins and the blue jays and the whip-poorwills were all settled for the summer. The robin's cheerful song awoke the children in the morning, and the whippoorwill's mournful plaint lulled them to sleep at night.

It was on such a day, in such an orchard, that a group of children, having finished their lessons and thrown aside their books, had gone out, with happy hearts and merry voices, to hunt birds' nests, to gather wild flowers, to play at football, and to climb the trees in the old orchard, where it was their custom to hold high carnival on the soft green grass, in the shade of the pink and white boughs, and in sight of many a tempting bird's nest and squirrel's hiding-place. They were shouting as only happy country boys can shout; they were turning somersaults, and daring each other to climb yet higher in the trees, and to run yet faster on the greensward; and a jollier set of boys could not be found in all that beautiful Tennessee valley.

The little three-year-old pet, who had been awakened from his noon slumbers by the uproarious merriment of the older children, came running toward them. Some one broke a branch of an acacia-tree, with its bright yellow blossoms, and handed it to the baby; and he, full of glee, ran to join his brothers, and, running, he stumbled, as babies will, and fell on the branch he had in his hand. A thorn on the stem of the acacia pierced his eye.

The merry laugh of the little fellow was quickly changed into a bitter cry, and the children, dropping their bats and balls, ran to comfort him. He was taken to his mother, and every voice was hushed and all thought of play forgotten, and the baby's plaintive moan was all that could be heard.

Long days of suffering followed, and, as the inflammation in the wounded eye increased and extended to the other eye, hope grew less and less each day. Day after day dragged on, and the whole life of the old farm-house was changed. The father was broken-hearted, the mother went about sad and silent, the older children were softened and subdued, and they vied with each other in trying to comfort and cheer the baby boy, whose eyes were now forever closed upon the beautiful things which had filled his heart with joy. As sight was fading and darkness shutting in around him, and the family realized the sad truth that nothing more could be done, the first thought of every one was to minister to little Joseph. He was the center of every interest, and all plans were made with reference to his comfort. His physical health was robust, and he soon developed the instincts of an active, healthy boy. He entered into all the pastimes and frolics of his older brothers, with as much zest and pleasure as if he could see as well as they. But with his physical development came a mental activity which made him long for school and books, and for the occupations as well as the pastimes of his brothers.

Joseph said in after years, "I cannot tell you anything approaching the anguish of those long, weary days, when my brothers were in school. Long before the time for their return I would wander far on the way to school, and, with constantly growing impatience, would wait for the voices of the merry boys and girls on their return, that they might repeat to me what they had learned in school."

The little blind boy spent many hours alone, picturing

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to himself the old orchard, with its trees of apple and peach and cherry, and the broad expanse of clover-field, with its white and red blossoms stretching far away in the distance.

He said in after years: "I can see them all before me, and I can see my dear mother's face. The two pictures left to me, which of all others I would most wish to have impressed upon my mind, are my mother's face and the old orchard as it was, in full bloom, at the time the curtain was drawn over my eyes. How I loved the stars! When my dear mother took me on her knee and talked to me about them, I said, 'Why do not the stars twinkle and shine, and why does not the dear God light them for your little boy?' And, for answer, the hot, silent tears fell upon my face, telling me of my mother's anguish."

When Joseph was ten years old, a school for the blind was established in Tennessee. It was announced in the newspapers that ten blind children would be received and instructed at the State's expense, in Nashville. This was startling news. The parents of Joseph had been praying for some opportunity for their blind boy, and immediately they set about doing what they could to prepare him for the journey and for the school. The neighbors gathered together and contributed from their small resources all they could spare, a sewing-bee prepared his little wardrobe, and in one week Joseph started for Nashville, a long and tiresome journey in those days. The parting was sad.

"My mother wept and prayed," said Joseph, "my father sobbed aloud, and my brothers ran away to hide in the haymows, because they could not bear to say good-by to the household pet."

It was a bright October day when Joseph started with a neighbor, whose business called him to Nashville, and the journey in the old stage-coach was a sorrowful one to the little blind boy who had never left his mother's side for a day.

His joy knew no bounds when, for the first time, he had the books printed in raised letters put into his hands. In three-quarters of an hour he mastered the alphabet. His opportunities were unusual; the first few months, the pupils were so few, the teacher could give much of his time to Joseph. His enthusiasm for learning was so great that his progress was phenomenal, and in two months' time he could read everything that was put into his hands.

He made great headway in all that he undertook except music. This, his teacher said, he could not master, and he had better give it up and devote himself to basket and brush making. These were the industries taught in the school. As the music-teacher refused to give him lessons, he bargained with one of his fellow-pupils to repeat to him the lessons as he took them from the teacher. This he did, and Joseph improved the moments when the teacher was away to practice what he had learned from his schoolfellow. One day the school was to take a holiday, and the boys were to go with their teachers for a day in the woods. Joseph thought this would be a good time for him to practice. Accordingly, he hid away in the barn, and, when the party was ready to start, nothing could be found of Joseph. After hunting and calling in vain for a long time, they decided to go without him. No sooner had they gone than the blind boy took his seat at the piano, and there he sat, only changing his position now and then for rest, until the party returned.

The next day, as Joseph was practicing, the music-teacher, who was himself blind, unexpectedly entered the room, and said, "Who is that playing the new lesson so well? Who is at the piano?"

"I, sir," said Joseph.

"You cannot play. Tell me who is at the piano. Come here and let me hear you play that lesson."

"After repeating the short study I had been playing," says Joseph, in relating the story, "I was asked what else I knew. 'All that you have given the other boys, sir,' I said."

"Let me hear you play from the instruction-book," said the teacher.

There was but one piano in the school, and, by special permission, Joseph practiced from four to seven in the morning. Fifteen months later he took the prize for pianoforte-playing. Some years later Joseph was teaching, with great success, in a large institution in New England, and could play with ease the most difficult compositions, after hearing the notes once or twice read.

During the years he had spent at Nashville, he, with a faithful guide and a well-trained horse, had ridden through forests, had scaled mountains, and forded rivers, and searched every corner of the State in pursuit of blind children. He had taken little blind children from wretched homes in the forests, strapped them on the saddle behind him, and ridden forty or fifty miles over untrodden paths, through an unknown country, till he reached a stage route; and he left the little blind child in the care of the stage-driver, to start again for some other blind child of whom he had heard, perhaps through a traveling peddler, or by consulting the census.

Thus several years passed at the Nashville institution, and Joseph thought he had accumulated enough to justify him in resigning his position and going forth to realize the golden dream of his life—a college education at Harvard. But obstacle after obstacle appeared in his way; his health gave way, and, through the unfaithfulness and treachery of a trusted friend, his money was lost, and he was obliged to give up his cherished plan for a college education and take a position as teacher.

After teaching some years, he was advised to go to Europe for a year of rest. What he accomplished abroad every American should be proud of.

Joseph's first thought, when he reached London, was for the little blind children. He at once began to investigate the institutions for the blind, and to study the methods that were in use for their instruction and improvement. He found them very unsatisfactory.

He had been but a few days in London when he learned that there was to be a meeting of gentlemen to consult about the educational advantages for the blind, and, if possible, to improve their condition. This meeting was composed of gentlemen of high standing and influence. The Duke of Westminster and Dr. Armitage, with others greatly respected for their philanthropy and benevolence, were of the number. Our friend Joseph, a penniless, friendless, sightless American, an unknown foreigner, appeared among the noted gentlemen, and modestly expressed his views upon the subject of educating the blind. He had nothing to recommend him but his earnest, heartfelt interest in his unfortunate brothers, and his exceptional voice, full of pathos and feeling. He gave his views, and every one listened with bated breath to his eloquent appeal. As soon as he had spoken, he quietly left the room.

A moment after he had disappeared, the Duke inquired for the blind American who had just spoken, and was told that he had gone to the Charing Cross Station.

"Who led him?" said the Duke.

"No one," replied a person who had noticed his leaving the room unattended; "he went by himself."

"I will take my carriage and follow him," said the Duke; "it is not possible that a blind man, and a stranger in the streets of London, can reach the station, more than a mile distant, without accident."

Accordingly, he was followed to the station, all unconscious that the eye of the richest Duke in England was upon him; for the Duke became so impressed with his skill and wisdom in making his way through the crowded streets that he did not ask him to drive with him, but watched his movements from the carriage until he reached his destination, and then invited him to a place where they could have an interview. The interview resulted in a promise from the Duke to give our blind friend every aid in his power, both moral and financial, to establish a school where the blind should be taught according to his ideas.

Our blind American friend now set in earnest about establishing a school for the better training and education of the blind. He secured a building in London in the neighborhood of the Crystal Palace, and there began his labors, working with untiring zeal and enthusiasm to carry out his favorite theory that the blind are to be treated exactly like

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other people, and that they are to be inspired with self-respect and made self-supporting.

His Institution in Upper Norwood (London) is now one of the largest in Europe. It combines all the facilities and advantages of the best-appointed institutions for seeing people. It has skating-rinks, gymnasiums, bicycle clubs, tennis-courts, grounds for ball-playing, and swimming-tanks. Dr. Campbell (for by this name is our Joseph known to the world) goes with his pupils on long bicycle-tours through the green lanes and byways of England, and no company of sightseers ever enjoyed more than the blind boys, who seem to take in through their keen senses of smell and touch as much pleasure as those who have sight. They examine the flowers and the foliage along the hedgerows, and exclaim with delight at every new specimen of flower or shrub.

Dr. Campbell was the first blind man to ascend Mont Blanc, and, when asked why he attempted so perilous an undertaking, he replied: "To bring my school into more prominent notice. The fact of my accomplishing this feat, the only blind man who has attempted it, has been largely written up in the London newspapers, and the inquiry is made, 'Who is the man, and what does he do?' Hence my school is brought to notice."

The pupils of this Institution are scattered throughout the country, as music-teachers, organists, and piano-tuners, and so superior are they in their various departments that they are constantly sought above those who have sight.

A large church in a city of Scotland advertised for an organist, and Dr. Campbell, always on the alert for the advancement of his pupils, at once answered the advertisement and recommended one of his number for the position. Answer came that the church would not think of employing a blind organist. Dr. Campbell again wrote, asking that his pupil might be given a chance to compete with others for the situation. A very curt reply came back saying that the church would not incur the traveling expenses of a blind man, whom they were quite sure would not answer their purpose. Nothing daunted, Dr. Campbell replied that he would defray all the expenses, if his pupil might have the privilege of trying. This the church committee could not refuse, and the sightless man started to accomplish what seemed almost a hopeless task. Arriving in the city, he went at once to the church to study its location and to ascertain the exact position of the organ.

When the evening came for the trial test, the critics were all there, with their preconceived judgment and their determined opposition. It was a trying place for our blind friend. As if to dispose of him as soon as possible, he was asked to play first.

"Play," said the committee, "tune two hundred and twenty."

Immediately, with great force and beauty, the tune was played.

The gentlemen of the committee looked at each other in surprise, and said, "That was an accident, of course; we will ask for another tune: play three hundred."

Now, conscious of the favorable impression he had made, the blind man, quick as thought, made the organ pour forth in soul-stirring melody the tune that was called for. Tune after tune was played with wondrous power and artistic variations, and the old Scotch deacons shook their heads with astonishment. Other organists followed, and tried their skill to the utmost. But to the blind man was given the position, which he has held for a decade with constantly increasing satisfaction to the church. He had learned the tunes most often used in the churches before he left the Institution, and could play them as they were called for, having in mind not only the notes, but the number of each tune as well.

One little incident shows Dr. Campbell's loyalty to his own country and to republican principles. The tutor of a blind Prince from Germany was sent out to investigate the various institutions in Europe, that he might decide upon the one he thought best for the education of the young Prince. He came at last to London to the school in Upper Norwood, and, after remaining there a few weeks, he decided that that was the place, above all others, for his charge. Accordingly, he informed Dr. Campbell that he should go back to his own country and inform the parents of the Prince that this was the school for their son.

"I am sorry to tell you," said Dr. Campbell, "that I shall not be able to take the Prince. My school is established upon American principles, and to introduce a Prince with his attendants among my pupils, most of whom are from the poorer classes, would involve changes in my family ménage which I should not like to make. My school is thoroughly democratic, and we have no distinction of rank and position."

The tutor was greatly surprised, feeling, as he did, that it would be a great honor to have one of the royal family in the school. The matter was laid before the Duke of Westminster, who was President of the Board of Trustees.

The Duke said: "Dr. Campbell, this is carrying your American notions too far. Nothing would give our institution such notoriety as to have a prince among its inmates."

Dr. Campbell quietly and modestly replied: "Your Highness will pardon me. I have weighed the question well, and have decided that it will be impossible for me to accede to your wishes. I cannot change my decision."

Seeing it useless to pursue the subject, the tutor, as he was about to take his departure, said, "If you will not take my charge as a prince, will you take him as a beggar? He must come to this school, for there is none to compare with it in Europe."

The Prince entered the school upon exactly the same conditions that a waif from the streets of London would have been received, and he remained, a happy and contented inmate, for several years.

Who could foresee that this blind boy was to be the chosen of God to bring his fellow-sufferers all over the world out of helpless darkness into self-helpfulness? His methods are such as to elevate the blind and make them self-supporting and self-respecting. It was by the force of Joseph Campbell's character that all this has been accomplished; and is it not a great achievement for a blind, penniless, friendless American to establish one of the best schools in Europe, and perhaps one of the best in the world, for the education of sightless people? Through his efforts a bill, for which he has been laboring many years, has just passed Parliament, ordering all blind and deaf and dumb children to be taught at the expense of the State.

Hidden Quotations

Answers

1. "But ne'er the rose without the thorn."
Robert Herrick's "The Rose."

2. "Dare to be true: nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby."
George Herbert's "The Church Porch."

3. "Health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of: a blessing that money cannot buy."—Izaak Walton's "The Complete Angler."

4. "Mend your speech a little
Lest it may mar your fortunes."
Shakespeare's "King Lear."

5. "The green mantle of the standing pool."
Shakespeare's "King Lear."

6. "Take a straw and throw it up into the air: you may see by that which way the wind is."—John Seldon's "Libels."

7. "And I oft have heard defended,
Little said is soonest mended."
George Wither's "The Shepherd's Hunting."

8. "Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."
James Shirley's "Contention of Ajax and Ulysses."

9. "True as the needle to the pole
Or as the dial to the sun."
A Song written by Barton Booth.

10. "Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."
Pope's "Essay on Man."

Correct answers were received from Etta B. Berry, Newport, Ky.; L. M. S. Brayton, Middleboro', Mass.; W. B. Parmelee, Hudson, O.; Helen A. Choate, Greenwich, Conn.; Katherine W. Williams, Somerton, Pa.; Harriet K. Pease, Munson, Mass.; M. P. J., St. Louis, Mo.; Clara J. Denton, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mrs. W. W. Oliver, Lisbon, N. H.; Susan F. Chapin, Medford, Mass.

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For the Little People

My Recent Neighbor

By Mary Willis

You can see what a noble fellow he was, for this is his picture. He was my opposite neighbor for three years, and we became very friendly. He lived most of the time in the second-story front room. He was not as busy as I am, but he was so interested in everything about him that you would never speak of him as lazy. He would stand with his fore paws on the window-sill for an hour at a time. He would watch passers-by with an expression of deep interest, and when they turned the corner and went out of sight he would look over at me, as if to ask, "Well, what did you think of him?" or, "Was he not a fine-looking fellow?" or, "She looks as if she were good."

If a group of children were playing on either side of the street, Hero (for that was his name) would push his head out as far as possible to watch them. One day some little boys were playing football. Hero stretched himself half out of the window. He grew more and more excited every minute, as the ball bounded backward and forward. At last he gave quick, sharp barks, as if to say: "Here, just please give me a chance. I could catch that ball every time!" The boys called up to him, and he responded. I felt almost sure that Hero would fall out of the window, so excited did he become.

He was the terror of all the cats in the neighborhood. The moment he got out of doors he looked to see if there was a cat about, and if one was in sight he bounded after it with all speed. Warm days he would lie on the balcony, with his mistress in the window beside him. Then he was a guardian. The children might play, the boys call, and even the cats were free from harm. Hero had been trained to watch his gray-haired mistress, and he never forgot orders. His head would rest on his paws, and his eyes, half shut, were watching for intruders. If one appeared, Hero was on his feet in an instant; the moment the gate opened, Hero came toward the stoop with his tail curled high on his back and saying by his attitude: "I'm here; settle with me first." But a touch from his mistress's wrinkled, feeble hand, and Hero would meet the stranger as a friend.

The funniest thing that Hero did was to eat ice-cream from a spoon. His mouth was so large and the spoon so small that it was a most ridiculous sight. Hero would stand with the most solemn expression, as if it were a sort of rite in which he was glad to take part, and open his great jaws, taking in the tiny bits of cream—for his mistress is very dainty—until the plate was empty; then he looked so wistful that you knew he must like ice-cream.

I missed Hero this fall, and then I noticed that a doctor came every day across the street. I saw all the family but Hero, so concluded that Hero was ill. One day the animal-ambulance came, and very tenderly Hero was brought out and put in it. I know now that Hero was taken out into the country where he would have room to run about and play, and that now he is bigger and handsomer than ever.

I am glad to know he is happy; yet I miss him very much.

❀

The Magic of an Orange

Just an orange on the corner of the table; the odor sweet and fragrant. I am wide awake, and yet that orange makes me a little girl again.

I am standing by the window in a hotel in a strange Southern city. The sun shines with a different glow from any I had ever seen; it is yellow, and softer in spite of its brightness. Up from the street comes a peculiar cry, so strange as to arouse my curiosity and drive back the tears of loneliness that were fast gathering. First far off, but coming nearer and nearer, was the cry, and presently there came in sight a tall old colored man carrying on his head a box that looked like a croquet-box. There was not the slightest clue as to what was in the box, for no one stopped to buy while he was in sight of the window. Morning after morning he passed the hotel, but no one stopped him to buy. What were the mysterious things that were hidden by the cover of the box?

At last, one glad day, I was walking with my father through the corridor of the hotel. The familiar cry, clear and musical, came up the street. I hurried my father along, and as we came out on the porch the man and the box were opposite. "What is it?" I asked. "What?" asked my father.

"What has the man in the box?"

"Something to sell," said my father. "We'll see."

The man looked over, and my father beckoned. Across the street came the mysterious box, beautifully balanced on the head of the kindly looking old man.

"Mornin', massa! mornin', missy!" and with a dextrous movement the box was placed on the old man's knee, for he had knelt on one knee, apparently to hold the box. The cover was raised, and there was the box filled with delicious orange tarts, each in a little square division in the box. Oh, how delicious they were! Every morning while in that city I had money to buy one of those tarts for my lunch. As I remember them, the taste was no more delicious than the smell. Now I am an old lady, yet there is a certain fragrance in an orange that always makes me see that room in the hotel and the lonely little girl, always hear the cry far down the street that is half a song; and I see again the tall old colored man and his mysterious box. Again I see him kneeling in the sunny street, and feel the breathless anxiety that I felt while waiting for the box to open. I was told the story afterward, when I was old enough to understand, of that old man. His name was Uncle Jerry; that was the only name my nurse knew for him. His wife was Aunt Katy. They were the slaves of a family who owned a plantation outside of the city. Uncle Jerry wanted to be free, but how was he to gain his freedom? Aunt Katy was very contented to be a slave, and could not understand why freedom should make so much difference to Uncle Jerry. Still, if he wanted freedom he ought to have it, Aunt Katy thought. After many talks together and with the master and mistress, it was decided that Aunt Katy should have her evenings free to make cakes which Uncle Jerry should sell the next morning, finishing his rounds in time to be at the mansion to drive out his mistress at twelve o'clock.

How happily Aunt Katy and Uncle Jerry worked! The pennies accumulated in the red woolen stocking. Aunt Katy got orders from the city, and worked far into the night to fill them. Uncle Jerry was up with the birds to deliver them. At last, after ten years of work, they had money enough to buy Uncle Jerry's freedom at the price he would bring in the market. The proud day came when Uncle Jerry came down from the big mansion to the little cabin with the receipt for himself in his hand. He could not work that day. He was to start out to find work in the city the next morning. And then Aunt Katy cried. She realized that there was a difference between them. She did not fear being sold, but she could not go, as Jerry did, to find work and earn money, and now there would be no long hours of work together at night. Uncle Jerry knew how Aunt Katy felt, and at that moment he determined she should be free.

He told her so. Again they began working together, this time to buy Aunt Katy's freedom. But before two years were passed the Civil War broke out, and Aunt Katy was free. Then Uncle Jerry sold the tarts and cakes that Aunt Katy made, to pay rent and buy food. They lived in the little cabin, and I remember it as if seen in a dream—a low, whitewashed cabin, with a stout, motherly looking negro woman smiling into my father's face and answering questions.

Just an orange on the corner of the table brought back those far-off days, when the world all about seemed almost a dream, so little did I know it, and I have told you this story.

I want an orange tart.

❀

A New Way to Study

Mr. Partridge, the sculptor, has succeeded in getting plaster casts of a live horse. The coat of the horse is covered with a preparation that prevents the plaster sticking to the hair. The plaster is applied to part of the horse only at a time, and, by special mixing under certain conditions, hardens almost at once. When removed, it bears on its inner surface the impression of the muscles. Mr. Partridge petted Dottie, his horse, for a long time before he began his experiments to learn the position of the muscles when the horse made certain movements. The casts are for the purpose of study.

❀

Out of the Depths

Recently the water of the Delaware River at Smith Island was dredged to deepen the channel. One of the dredgers brought up a cannon of antique pattern from the river bottom. It is believed now that this cannon was part of the armament of a British vessel which sailed up the Delaware River prior to the Revolutionary war. She was unseaworthy, and was abandoned on the bar which is now known as Smith's Island. It is supposed that the vessel sank gradually in the sand, and it is thought that possibly more of her equipment will be found.

❀

Queer Hunting

The bat's weakness as well as its strength lies in its wings. In the South Sea Islands the natives arm themselves with a thorny bush on the end of a long bamboo. When the bat lights on a fruit-tree to feed, a blow with this thorny bush will bring it to the ground, where it is easily caught; the thorny bush tears the wings. The bats are relished as food by the inhabitants of some countries, and, as they feed entirely on fruit, their flesh ought to be delicate.

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Sunday Afternoon

The Riches of Christ[1]

By Lyman Abbott

But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.—Philippians iv., 19.

The Philippians had sent to Paul the first home missionary box, and Paul's letter to the Philippians is a letter of thanksgiving for that missionary box, and at the end of this letter he expresses thus his gratitude. It was as though he said, I have nothing to give you in return, but my God shall supply all your need according to his riches, and he shall supply this need in glory in Christ Jesus—through Christ Jesus as the instrument, and in glory as the result or end.

I want to speak to you, then, this morning, of the way in which Christ Jesus supplies our needs. This little babe in the cradle, what does he need? Why, he needs a cradle, and clothing, and food: but, after all, these are not the great needs; they are the first needs, they are the most essential needs; but it takes very little to provide such shelter and food and clothing as will keep one not merely from death, but from disease. Even these Jesus Christ has provided. Wherever Christianity has gone, wealth and comfort have been more diffused, liberty has been larger, government has been freer, education has been more extended, the cradle has been better. But I pass this by. These are not the needs that have brought you here to Plymouth Church this stormy Sunday morning.

There are deeper needs than these. What are they? First of all, it seems to me—and I wish to talk to you this morning out of my own personal experience—that you and I want to know what sort of persons we are; not what sort of persons we are now, but what sort of persons we are meant to be, what God's ideal is for us. What does God mean to make out of us? If you and I were really what Jeremiah called us—clay in the hands of the potter—it would not make any difference that we should know, for the clay does not need to know what the potter is going to make out of it; but if you and I are living and willing creatures, if we are helping God's work or hindering God's work, promoting God's work or marring God's work, working with God or against him, then it is very important that you and I should know what God means us to be. I went yesterday into Mr. Tiffany's glass-works, and there I saw them making a stained-glass window, and I could not tell, from the process that was going on, what kind of a window was going to result as I saw the pieces of glass put together. But by the side of the artist was the sketch, and that sketch told me just what the window was going to be when it was finished; it was not a finished window, but it showed me what the window would be when it was finished. And if I am going to work for God, I want to know what God wants to make out of me; I want some sort of an ideal that I can work toward; I want to know how to fashion myself. I read last week the story of a discouraged Sunday-school teacher who thought she had not accomplished anything in her class, but, visiting in one of the homes of the poor from whom her class was taken, the mother said, "My boy came home from Sunday-school the other day, and, after a few moments' quiet thinking, he suddenly looked up and said, 'What a fellow that Elijah was! If ever I have a kid of my own, I am going to call him Elijah.'" The illustration perhaps is hardly in keeping with the dignity of the pulpit, but I want to make it clear that a human ideal is essential to the building up of character. I was told week before last of a Bible-class teacher who said, "I suppose there never was such a gentleman in the world as Jesus Christ," and one of the boys that had never been touched before went away saying, "I am going to try to be such a gentleman as Jesus Christ was." He had not got very far in Christian experience, but he had gone a little way; he had found an ideal of what manhood means. Now, you and I need that. And a great many of us are marring our lives, and a great many more are missing our lives, because we do not know what we are trying to do with ourselves; we are not working to any pattern; we have no conception of what manhood means, and we need to know. We are groping in the dark, and we want light; we are building, and we know not what sort of a structure is going to go up from our blundering work.

During the last century we have had more lives of Christ written than have been written in all the Christian epoch before, I suppose. They have been written by infidels and by orthodox, by Germans, by English, by French, by Americans, by every school, and by every style of scholarship; they have been scholarly and popular, intellectual, imaginative, hortatory; but they have had this one common characteristic, that they have put the human life of Jesus of Nazareth before us. It is an indication that humanity is realizing, as it never before did realize, its need of a human ideal. Our God supplies our need in this respect in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Jesus Christ is the ideal for humanity, and for all humanity. There are some men whom you can follow a little way. You are going into politics, and you can pick an ideal statesman; you are going into business, and you can pick an ideal merchant; you are going into teaching, and you can pick an ideal teacher; you are a mother, and you can pick an ideal woman; you are a soldier, and you can pick an ideal general. But where else in the pages of human history will you find a man who serves as ideal for the general, the statesman, the teacher, the preacher, the mother, the child? General Howard follows him on the battle-field, the mother follows him by the side of her cradle, the merchant follows him in his counting-room, the Oriental follows him in the far-away East, the Occidental follows him in Puritan New England; Anglo-Saxon, Latin, Oriental, first-century man, sixteenth-century man, nineteenth-century man, child, adult, old man, man, woman—he is, and has been for nineteen centuries, the ideal of character for every epoch, every class, every condition in the community. If you want to know what God is trying to make out of you, if you have need of an ideal in your life, my God shall supply your need in Christ Jesus; he wants to make a Jesus of Nazareth out of you. Wonderful! that he says that out of such clay as you and I he means to make a nature as mild, as uncomplaining, as patient, as heroic, as truly and nobly a child of God, as was Jesus of Nazareth.

You and I need to know what life means. It is a great enigma. And as we get on into life and the experiences of life, it grows more and more enigmatical. Job could not understand why life had treated him so hardly. It was a great enigma to the author of Ecclesiastes, who now thought that the best thing he could do with life was to get a reasonable amount of pleasure out of it, and now put pleasure behind and said, "No; duty will serve better as the key to life." What is life? Here is Mr. Huxley's answer:

> It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chessboard is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of Nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong delights in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse. My metaphor will remind some of you of the picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel, who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win—and I should accept it as an image of human life.

The fault in this figure is that it makes a conventional, not a real, test of character. Imagine life to be a tournament, and you, with your lance set, running against your unknown companion, and almost certain to be flung to the ground, but also certain, when you are flung to the ground, that he will lift you up and put you on your feet and give you another and still another chance; and all this time

[1] Preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Sunday morning, February 18, 1894. Reported stenographically by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

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you are getting more strength of arm, and strength of heart too, and more manliness and courage, by the very tournament in which you are fighting—yea! by the very defeats you suffer. That is life. Not a game of chess in which one defeat is final, but a battle of life to which we are called in order that we may be made men and women by the battle.

So Christ sets life before us. It is God's workshop, where he is making men and women out of clay. It is God's school-room, where he is making men and women out of children. Not the only school-room—there are other rooms; but a primary department. It is a kindergarten, and we are playing at life here. By playing at life we are learning how to live, and by and by we shall begin life in real earnest, when at death we graduate. God is making men and women. The last word that science has uttered respecting human life is evolution—that is, the development of character; the last word the Gospel has uttered respecting human life is redemption—that is, the development of character: for both words mean the same thing; our scientists spell it one way, and our theologians spell it the other. It is the making of men and women—that is what we are here for. A man may join the gymnasium, and may go in to play at gymnastics, and may pull at the chest-weights, and climb the ladder, and try the parallel bars; but if he does it without teaching, nothing will come of it. But in a well-equipped gymnasium he comes first to the teacher, and the teacher takes his measurements and finds out what he needs, and gives to each one the work that will develop in him that which he needs. Life is God's gymnasium. He takes the measures; we do not know what they are; he puts us in our places, and gives us what discipline we need. The ministers call churches means of grace, and prayer means of grace, and the Bible means of grace; and so they are. But, also, your shop is a means of grace, and your kitchen is a means of grace, and your social gathering is a means of grace; your dull and stupid clerk is a means of grace, and your more dull and stupid cook is a means of grace—or disgrace, just as you choose to make them. Let a man go into life believing this, taking life as his school preparing for the life beyond, and what a glorious thing it is to live! Even failures do not discourage such a man, because he says, I have failed once, and, now I know what my weak point is, I will correct it next time. Christ supplies our need by teaching us the meaning and significance of life.

You and I need to know God. It is the deepest need of the human soul. More than to understand ourselves, more than to understand life, you and I need to know God. Not something about God; not a list of God's attributes; not a phrenological chart of God: we need personally to know God. It is the greatest need of the human soul—the need of an orphan to know his Father. Just because God has seemed to men unknown, they have made all manner of images of him. They have tried to represent him to themselves. They have tried to get God so small that they could get their arms around him, and God so near that they could imagine themselves close to him, or a God so realized that they could at least stand in greater awe and dread of him. So they have made all manner of images of him, some grotesque and horrible, some gracious and attractive, according to their conception or according to their desire. All idolatry is man groping after some knowledge of God. All the heart-hunger of the world is a hunger to know God. And Christianity says to us: "You do not more want to know God than God wants you to know him." The child does not more want to know the Father than the Father wants to be understood by the child. It is not a very hard experience for a public man to be misunderstood by the newspaper press; it is not a very hard experience for him to be misunderstood by a great outside unknown public; but it is rather hard for a man to be misunderstood by his own friends; and if a man comes to the experience in which he is not understood by his own children, when they misinterpret him, they misunderstand him, he cannot interpret himself to them—that is hard, very hard. The child does not more want to understand the father than the father wants to be understood by the child. Is not that true? Do not you mothers know it, do not you fathers know it to be true? This is the teaching of the New Testament, that we do not so much wish to know our Father as our Father wishes to be known of us. And all that men have tried to do for themselves by making images of God for themselves, God has done for them, making an image of God for them. That is Paul's phrase: Jesus Christ is the express image of His person.

Take for a moment the scientific conception of God. Spell him as Nature, with a capital N. If you could stretch an electric wire from here to the moon, it would take about one second of time to get a message from here to the moon across the electric wire. If you could stretch the electric wire from the earth to a star which you will be able to see to-night if the skies are clear, and the message of the incarnation of Christ had been started on that wire the day that Christ was born, it would not have reached that star yet. In that is a hint of the size of the universe; a hint—and yet the laws of chemistry in that star, the laws of attraction of gravitation in that star, the laws of nature in that star, are just what they are on this earth: one God molding all, ruling all, governing all, controlling all. This is what Isaiah said so many years ago, only he did not know how great the universe was:

> To whom then will ye liken me, or shall I be equal? saith the Holy One. Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number: he calleth them all by name; by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power, not one faileth."

Now, try to think of this God, that fills the whole universe as your soul fills your body; this God that is as truly in that far-distant star, that would take eighteen centuries to flash the telegraphic message to, as he is here upon the earth, or ever was; try to think of him, and then carry to him your little troubles, your sorrows, your tears, your sins. That conception of God will fill you with a sense of awe, but not of love, nor of sympathy, nor of nearness. There is no real *access* to such a God. And so God comes into life, and dwells in a human soul, and expresses himself in a human life, that we may know who God is. Not that we may know what kind of a God he is; it is not definition we want, but that we may personally know God himself. That is the meaning of those phrases in the old creeds—Very God of very God, Light of light, etc.—too ecclesiastical to be helpful to me, and yet there is this meaning in them, that Jesus Christ is the coming of God himself, not of a messenger from God, into life. I want to know God, and God has come into the world, and when we know Jesus Christ we know God. I am not a subject, content with a message from my King; I am a child, and I want to know my Father; and because I want to know him and he wants to know me, he has come down into life and put himself along my side that I may know him. So, when I turn to this New Testament, I am reading the story of the larger life and the infinite life. When I read the story of him who walked the streets, and the poor superstitious woman crept up behind him and touched the hem of his garment, and he did not rebuke her, but turned about and healed her; and then I go into a Roman Catholic cathedral, and I see the poor woman kneeling down before the crucifix or before the lifted host, I say, Here is some one trying to touch the hem of his garment, and he does not condemn, he turns and heals her, and when she goes out with a happy heart, he has spoken to her. I turn again and read the story of his coming to the home of Martha and Mary when Lazarus had died, and I go to the home where death has gone, and I hear the voice that spoke in that far-away time, speaking again: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me shall never die." I see ambition coming to him with its request, Give me the places on thy right hand and on thy left, and I hear him still saying to ambition, I will give you my baptism and my cup. I see the woman who was a sinner kneeling down before him and washing his feet with her tears, and see him turning to her saying, Go, and sin no more; and I know that in New York and Brooklyn

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there is no woman gone so far astray but that she may come to him and my God will say to her, Go, sin no more.

Have you ever taken the Claude Lorraine glass and held it up before the great prospect, and seen in that Claude Lorraine the mountains and trees and lakes and rivers brought into a few inches square? The prospect was too large for you to see it at once, and too large for you to copy, but when interpreted by the Claude Lorraine you take your pencil and sketch it. Jesus Christ is God's Claude Lorraine, the Almighty and the Infinite brought within the scope of my apprehension. Now I can see him; now I can copy him. I was brought up in the liberal Puritan faith. I never knew the experience that some people seem to have known, of a God of justice and wrath. But my God was a God afar off; I never could get near enough to him to love him; I wanted to do what he bade me do, because he was my King. I came to Plymouth Church, and here I learned what I suppose I ought to have learned from my father and my mother, that Jesus Christ is God manifest in the flesh. I used to try to pray, and in prayer to think of a great God sitting on some throne far off in the center of the universe, and I used to try to pray to him, and praying was hard work. I came here and learned that my God had been on the earth and walked in human guise, and I stopped that praying to an idol of my own constructing; and I used to think of Jesus of Nazareth, used to sit by his side on the grassy slopes of the hills of Galilee, and talk with him as one talks with a friend. And God came into my life—God himself, not some messenger, not some representative, not some prospect of a God in the far-off future—God himself came into my life, and my need of a knowledge of God was satisfied through Jesus Christ.

I wanted to speak of other needs, deeper needs perhaps, the need we all have of a power to do what we know to be right, and the need that many of us feel to have lifted off from us the burden and sense of a past guilt and be set free from it, washed and cleansed, relieved from the clanking chains we have been carrying with us and set free to another, a new life and a fresh life. But I should have to take much longer than my allotted half-hour if I were to try to tell you what needs Jesus Christ supplies. My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in Christ Jesus in glory.

Some Hebrew Aphorisms[1]

By Lyman Abbott

Verse 1. "Wine is a mocker; strong drink a brawler; and whoever erreth thereby fails of wisdom." "Wisdom," the reader must remember, is to the author of the Proverbs what the kingdom of God is to the reader of the New Testament. Wine lures man away. Even the "good times" of the drinker are full of boisterousness, and the inspiration which they give him is not the inspiration to an intelligent and moral life. This stimulant never confers wisdom. Parallel to this is Paul's declaration that "drinkers shall not inherit the kingdom of God." We have striking testimonies to the injurious effect of alcohol on brain-workers. See a little book entitled "Brain and Alcohol," made up of letters from a great number of authors, giving the result of their observation and experience.

Verse 2. Kings we have not in America, but men of power abound, and practical prudence gives the counsel of verse 2. It is not wise to arouse the enmity of one more powerful than yourself. If necessity requires it, it is brave; if necessity does not require it, it is mere bravado.

Verse 3. How few men realize that it is an honor to cease from strife! Whether the strife is of words or blows, most men imagine that the honor consists in pushing the strife on to victory. The counsel both of wisdom and of morality is that of Paul: "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men."

Verse 4. Parallel to this is Paul's declaration, "If any would not work, neither should he eat." It is a mistaken charity to attempt to take off from men the burden of their own wrong-doing. Hunger is a natural penalty of laziness, and the lazy man should be permitted to suffer hunger until he is willing to earn his bread by his labor. On the other hand, the commandment of God is also a commission: the law that by the sweat of thy brow thou shalt earn thy daily bread, gives every man a right to earn his bread. In the kingdom of God there will be no willing workers deprived of a chance to work.

Verse 5. We may regard counsel as indicating wisdom, or we may regard it as indicating purpose. In either case it lies deep in man's heart and is not easily elicited. It is a great thing to put a purpose or put instruction into a man's heart. It is a greater thing to draw it out from the man. There are many seeds that perish for want of a warm rain and some sunshine. He who can serve the purpose of rain and sunshine makes a fruitless life blossom like a garden.

Verse 6. This seems like a cynical observation, yet if so it is a cynicism which has much truth in it. Diogenes and his lantern will be at once recalled by every reader of this verse; so will Thackeray's "Vanity Fair;" so will Christ's satire of the man who sounds his trumpet when he gives alms. Men's misestimate and trumpeting of their own virtues makes the finding of a truly faithful man the more difficult. My own observation leads me to the belief that a thoroughly faithful man, if he is competent in mind and body, rarely lacks opportunities for work, if he is willing to take that kind of work which he is competent to do.

Verse 7. An honorable character and a good name are the best inheritance that a father can leave his children. Compare Prov. xxii., 1.

QUESTIONS

What is meant by "wine is a mocker"? What does Paul say parallel to verse 3, clause 1? How ought we to treat the man who will not work and is therefore hungry? What great pagan teacher showed his wisdom by drawing out of men what was in them? What is the best inheritance a man can leave his children? What parable of Christ's shows the folly of laboring to leave a mere store of material wealth?

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for March 18, 1894.—Prov. xx., 1-7.

Bits of Wisdom

Every man's task is his life-preserver.—*Emerson.*

There is a bigotry of heresy as hateful as the bigotry of orthodoxy.—*Rev. John Cuckson.*

It is not the Stoic but the Epicurean in us which doubts the divine and fails to discover it in human life.—*Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon.*

Many build as cathedrals were built: the part nearest the ground finished, but that part which soars towards heaven, the turrets and spires, forever incomplete.—*Beecher.*

If there be one thing upon this earth that mankind love and admire better than another, it is a brave man—it is a man who dares to look the devil in the face and tell him he is a devil.—*James A. Garfield.*

Till a man has learned to be happy without the sunshine, and therein becomes capable of enjoying it perfectly, it is well that the shine and the shadow should be mingled, so as God only knows how to mingle them. To effect the blessedness for which God made him, man must become a fellow-worker with God.—*George MacDonald.*

I would secularize Christianity in order to Christianize secularity. In an ideal state the Church will remain as a co-operative society. When the Church has more distinctly conceived her mission and understands herself, I have no doubt divine Providence will raise an architect who will blend the secular and sacred without confusion and without grotesqueness.—*Rev. George Dana Boardman.*

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The Religious World

The Baptists and the Disciples

There are frequent rumors in denominational papers of a movement for the union between the Baptists and the Disciples. The latest we have seen concerning this plan appears in the "Examiner" of March 1. It consists of a brief statement of the principles on which it is believed that the two bodies may unite. They are substantially as follows: The Bible, the Trinity, the Atonement, Regeneration through faith in Christ under the influence of the Holy Spirit, the Resurrection, the final Judgment, eternal punishment, the Church an organized body of baptized believers composed of those who have repented of their sins and believe in Christ, the two Sacraments, the two orders in the Church—namely, pastors and deacons. This, of course, would be an altogether fruitless series of principles for general Christian union, but it is felt that for bodies so nearly alike as the Baptists and Disciples there might be agreement on such a basis. This, however, is probably a vain hope, as we judge from the editorial in the "Examiner," which says that the basis of union is too long if it is to be considered as a test of fellowship or terms of admission into a Baptist church, and too short if it is a compendium of theology. If it is to be regarded as a compromise, then it is open to the objection of being too vague on the point that only those are to be baptized who give credible evidence of having been regenerated by the Spirit of God. The editorial concludes: "We can hardly agree with those sanguine people who think a union close at hand, and we are as far from agreeing with those Baptists who get red in the face and call names as soon as such a union is mentioned. The general discussion of this 'basis of union' may throw a flood of light on things now very dubious."

Two Faithful Workers

Two of the most honored and efficient ministers in the Congregational fellowship have recently finished their ministry on the earth. Both lived in the West, and both were connected with institutions of learning. The Rev. Horatio Q. Butterfield, D.D., had been President of Olivet, and previously President of a college in Kansas, and at one time also Secretary of the Education Society. The Rev. M. W. Montgomery was long connected with the work of the American Home Missionary Society, and especially with the State of Minnesota. Dr. Butterfield had resigned the presidency of Olivet, and his successor had been chosen, but he was continuing his service of the College. Dr. Montgomery, at the time of his death, had charge of the Scandinavian work of the American Home Missionary Society, and, we believe, was officially connected with the Chicago Theological Seminary. Dr. Butterfield's ministry had been chiefly in lines of Christian education. He was a most genial and delightful man, a man of real power and of great earnestness, whom once to have known was always to remember. Dr. Montgomery was active, aggressive, always pushing to the front, alert and eager in all his plans, and yet wise and prudent in their execution. He will be sadly missed in the work to which he had given so much time and such unwearying attention. The American Home Missionary Society will find it hard to secure a successor; few men are so well fitted for such service. Both Dr. Butterfield and Dr. Montgomery will live long in the memory of those whom they have served, and their works will abide as the kingdom of God advances.

A Presbyterian Centennial

A hundred years is a long time in the history of an American church, but the Market Square Presbyterian Church of Harrisburg, Pa., celebrated its centennial on Sunday morning, the 11th of February. A report of the proceedings has just reached us. Great preparations had been made for this interesting event. The church was beautifully decorated. On scarlet streamers in the front of the church were the names of John Knox and John Calvin, while on the window-ledges were the names of many great in Presbyterian history. The services were conducted by the pastor, the Rev. George B. Stewart, D.D. One address was given by the Rev. John DeWitt, D.D., LL.D., whose father was pastor of the church for fifty years, and who was himself born and reared in its fellowship. His subject was "The Beginnings of Presbyterianism in the Middle Colonies." He began by showing how reformed theology was developed, then how it was accepted by the people of Scotland and Ulster, and how the oppressions of the Scotch-Irish in their own country led to their emigration to this country in the eighteenth century. He claimed that, without seeking to minimize the services of New England and the Revolutionary War, the services of the Scotch-Irish were at least equal to those of the English of New England. How this class of people came to be in Pennsylvania in such large numbers was carefully traced, and also how they established institutions of learning out of which have been developed Princeton College and the University of Pennsylvania. The address was interesting and instructive. The services were continued throughout the week, with Sunday-school anniversaries, the celebration of the communion, a musical festival, and various other services. An address which seems to have attracted special attention was by the Rev. Thomas H. Robinson, D.D., now professor in the Theological Seminary at Allegheny, who was for thirty years pastor of the church. His subject was "A Century-Plant." He devoted himself especially to tracing the history of the church. All the services will long be remembered by those who had the privilege of attending them.

Dr. McKenzie at Yale

We have received from a student at Yale a most interesting description of the work of Dr. McKenzie at that university. For about two weeks, if we remember correctly, he preached to the students, having been invited by them to hold special services. We do not imagine that anything like a revival was at first anticipated, but as the work went on the interest increased, and an almost unprecedented religious enthusiasm was developed. This series of meetings at Yale under the lead of Dr. McKenzie was very like the "mission" recently held in Oxford under the leadership of Dr. Robert F. Horton. Both men are peculiarly adapted for such work. Dr. Horton is an Oxford man, and in sympathy with university students. Dr. McKenzie's home is in Cambridge, and long association with Harvard students has helped him to appreciate the peculiar needs of young men. In addition to this, he has at times a peculiarly rich and fascinating eloquence. In all lines of spiritual activity a marked revival followed his meetings. We believe the missions of Dr. Horton at Oxford and of Dr. McKenzie at Yale go a long way toward solving the problem of how best to reach and influence the young men who assemble in our universities and colleges. They should have the very best preaching, both intellectually and spiritually, that can be provided. Our leading churches ought gladly to give up their pastors for stated periods in order that they may undertake such services. Far too often the spiritual care of young men has been left to those who have no fitness for such ministry. In more than one instance men who have failed in parishes have been given places in the colleges, and the young men, who ought to have had something to instruct and inspire, have been treated to preaching which their parents would not endure. Let the colleges call on the churches to give up their ministers for stated periods, and let the churches realize that in engaging in such service their ministers are exactly in the line of the home work, and a far different condition of things than often prevails will be found in our colleges and universities. We could name a score of men who are admirably fitted for such work, and who ought to be permitted to engage in it for at least one month in every year.

Dr. Talmage and Dr. Pentecost

We are sure our readers will be glad to know that at last an arrangement seems to have been made by which the work of Dr. Talmage will be continued in Brooklyn. Last Sunday Dr. Talmage withdrew his expressed intention of resigning at once. He will start very soon on a lecture-tour round the world. His many friends in all parts of the world will wish him abundant success. In his own peculiar way he has done a great work, and he reaches multitudes with spiritual inspirations whom probably no one else would reach. We hope it will not be long

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before he will see the realization of his hopes and the Tabernacle freed from its obligations.——The London religious papers are just now giving us some interesting facts concerning the success of Dr. George F. Pentecost in his ministry at the Marylebone Presbyterian Church in that city. In many respects he has a peculiarly difficult field. Dr. Donald Fraser was one of the most truly unique men in the Presbyterian Church of the world, and the exact opposite of our genial and evangelistic American. The church doubtless did well in calling one who would suggest no comparisons, but who would do his own peculiar work. At the beginning the Presbytery hesitated about receiving Dr. Pentecost because he had been a Congregationalist. He met them frankly; told them that he had experienced no change in his views; that he accepted the call, not because he felt any special mission to be a Presbyterian, but because he did feel that he was called to that particular local church. After much deliberation he was received, and his work there has been a pronounced success. He has made much of the Sunday-school, and given it a place which it has not in many English churches. He has introduced improvements in the church building (among them electric lighting), so that it is far more comfortable than English churches usually are. He has assured the people that if they wished they could cry "Hear! hear!" in their religious services as they do in other meetings. He said "it might shock Presbyterian proprieties, but would wake up Presbyterian congregations.' A correspondent in the "Congregationalist" mentions a fact which we have not seen elsewhere—that the free-will offering scheme introduced by Dr. Pentecost has increased the church revenue from £2,131 in 1892 to £3,660 in 1893. We notice from one of the London papers that Dr. Pentecost is now giving a course of sermons on "The Old Theology," which are attracting much attention. His well-known conservatism will leave his friends in no doubt as to his attitude on the great problems of the Christian faith. London offers an almost unique opportunity for the Christian worker. Dr. Pentecost said to the writer not long ago: "London is the greatest missionary field in the world, and I know, for I have visited the missionary fields myself." He believes that the need of the Gospel in the world's metropolis is quite as great as he found it in India. We all rejoice in the success which is attending his ministry.

"Is the Bible Popular?"

London is a city of almost as many curious ideas as some of our New England States. Every now and then, in some parts of New England, some new question is asked which starts a discussion, and ends in the founding of a sect. We have noticed the same tendency in parts of England, only the matter is seldom carried so far in Old England as in New England. An illustration is found in the recent extended controversy between the Rev. Mr. Urquhart and Dr. John Clifford on the inerrancy dogma. Through many issues of various papers that controversy was carried on. We can recall nothing like it in our country for a long time; indeed, we think that in this country we are rather given to dividing over men than principles. Another illustration is an interesting series of letters being published in the "Christian World" of London, in answer to the question "Is the Bible Popular?" The letters are all entertaining reading, but would be much more so if the writers signed their names. We give a few extracts, that our readers may see how this subject is regarded on the other side of the water. Dr. J. Reid Howatt, one of the most prominent Presbyterians of London, writes very decidedly concerning the way the Bible has been abused by its friends. "Instead of being called the Bible, or the Book, it should be the Books, for it is really a bookcase of sixty-six volumes." He says that it is broken up into sections and verses in a way which often spoils the continuity, and, in addition to that, many of its best passages have various reference-marks after them in ways which utterly confuse the ordinary reader. Another writer, a teacher in a large public school, thinks that no great literary work is read less than the Bible. Another says: "If Christian people wish the Bible to become a popular book, they should use more judgment as to how it is put into the hands of their children. We must educate them to admire it, as we educate them to admire other literature." Another writer says that he has deliberately given up the custom of reading the Bible because of the way in which its continuity is broken, in order that, after being away from it for a while, he may be driven back to it by his longing for its spiritual truths. Several writers qualify their utterances so much that it is difficult to understand just what they do mean. Two are very positive that if the facts which the Higher Criticism has made plain had been more generally taught, the Bible would be much more popular. One distinctly says that such men as Drs. Driver and Cheyne and Horton and Gladden are doing much to make "the precious Book more popular than ever." We do not know how it may be in England, but are decidedly of the opinion that the Bible is more widely and intelligently read in this country than ever before, and that, if popularity is a sign of power, then it has more power than ever.

A New College at Cambridge

One of the oldest Nonconformist colleges in England has recently been transferred to Cambridge by a process similar to that which transferred Manchester New College and Mansfield College to Oxford. Homerton College was started about 1730, with the aim of training young men for the ministry, and, later on, training them as teachers for the mission field. At one time the question of thoroughly trained teachers for Nonconformist schools became a pressing one, and this work was taken in hand by Homerton College. About 1868, we believe, the Government religious inspection of schools ceased, and it was no longer necessary for the teachers of Nonconformist schools to be trained in separate institutions. Homerton College has now been moved to Cambridge and installed in the building which has heretofore been known as the "Cavendish College." Homerton is undenominational, drawing its students from among Jews, Anglicans, and every branch of the free churches. It is also a mixed college, and women are admitted on the same terms as men. It is hoped that ultimately the students will take the university degree, and that before long women may be allowed the same privileges as at Girton and Newnham. This is but one more step in the process of evolution which is determining that a large proportion of the education of English students is to be done in Oxford and Cambridge. Probably other colleges will in time follow the example of those that have already practically become a part of the universities, and those two centers will almost monopolize the educational facilities of the island.

The Educational Age of the Pacific Slope

An attractive pamphlet recently issued by the "Pacific Coast Congregational Alliance for the Promotion of Education" will have us believe that the western end of the country is entering upon yet another period of development. The age of gold—and the derringer—not exactly the Golden Age—is past. The era of wheat followed it, and the era of fruit came after that. But development is swift in the clear air of the Pacific slope, and already it appears that the educational era is at hand—four eras in as many decades! Nor is the claim mere rhetoric. Besides the State University of California and Stanford, only a score of miles distant, the fame of which has traveled eastward to the Atlantic, there are, with possibly others, the three colleges, theological seminary, and three academies represented by the "Congregational Alliance." Pacific University, the oldest of these (organized in 1854), and the object of much labor and many sacrifices, stands in the Willamette Valley, twenty-six miles above Portland, Oregon. It now has a faculty of nine professors and property worth upwards of $200,000. Whitman College, a memorial of the savior of Oregon and the martyr of the cross, lies two hundred and fifty miles to the east, beyond the great Cascade range. It is very poor in money, though rich already in noble history. A thousand miles southward, where the rainless breezes are fragrant from contact with vineyards and orange groves, is Pomona College. This vigorous institution, though not yet five years old and without endowment, has already an enrollment of 172 students from fourteen different States. Midway between these geographical extremes and overlooking the Golden Gate is Pacific Theological Seminary, the only one under Congregational auspices west of Chicago. It is now in its twenty-fifth year, has five professors,

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and calls for three more. Of the three academies the most flourishing (Belmont School) is also on San Francisco Bay, while the other two are in Washington, separated by the Cascade Mountains. All of these institutions appeal for money, and doubtless should have it. The great resources of the Far West are largely either undeveloped or in the control of men who, some shining exceptions aside, are lacking in appreciation of the higher interests of the community and the country. The appeal of the Alliance is lacking in one particular, however. It omits to establish the fact that the real popular need of these institutions is equal to the sectarian call for them. There are missionary fields where denominational schools are multiplied almost as unduly and wastefully as are certain home missionary churches.

Gleanings

—Fifty thousand dollars will be raised for the erection and maintenance of the new library of the Berkeley Divinity School, Middletown, Conn., an institution in which the venerable Bishop Williams has always taken such a warm interest. The Library will be a suitable memorial to the senior Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

—The friends of missions, who were greatly distressed by the interruption of the promising mission work on the island of Ponape, carried on by the American Board, on account of the occupation of that island by the Spaniards, will be glad to know, says the "Religious Herald" of Hartford, that the Christian work on the island is going on with considerable prosperity. One of the native chiefs of the island, who is an earnest Christian, is giving his time and energies gratuitously to supervising the Christian churches and encouraging the Christians to aggressive Christian work among the other natives. He does this entirely without pay, and is learning the Spanish language so that he may be able to stand on a better footing with the Spaniards who rule the islands, and endeavor to obtain more privileges for the Christians.

—The clergymen of New York City have not been slow in recognizing the value of the best clubs. Among the members of the Century are Bishop Potter and the Rev. Drs. Greer, Rainsford, Brooks, Huntington, Brown, Paxton, Collyer, Booth, Terry, and Henry van Dyke. In the University Club are the Rev. Drs. Kittredge, Satterlee, Terry, Van Dyke, Rainsford, Brooks, and Huntington. In the Colonial are the Rev. Drs. Atterbury, Booth, Merle Smith, Peters, Townsend, Lloyd, Stoddard, and Houghton. In the Aldine are Bishop Potter and the Rev. Drs. Lyman Abbott, Clapp, Hubbard, Nelson, Gilman, and Drury. In the Metropolitan is Dr. Greer, in the Union League Dr. Bridgman, and in the Harlem Dr. Van De Water. The Riding Club numbers among its members Drs. Greer, Rainsford, and Brown, while at the Fencers' the herculean figure of the rector of St. George's is often seen, foil in hand.

Ministerial Personals

CONGREGATIONAL

—Henry W. Ballantine, of Bloomfield, N. J., has received a call to the First Church of Baltimore, Md.

—W. L. Anderson was installed as pastor of the First Church of Exeter, N. H., on February 15.

—Bernard Copping has received a call from the church in Acton, Mass.

—David Martyn was installed on February 21 as pastor of the Warren Church in Cumberland Mills, Me.

—Samuel C. Buckingham on Sunday of last week read his resignation as pastor of the South Church, Springfield, Mass.; it is understood that he will remain as pastor emeritus.

—Alford B. Penniman, of Union Church, Berlin, Wis., accepts a call to Adams, Mass.

—John A. Stemen, of the Como Avenue Church, Minneapolis, Minn., declines a call to Franklin, Mass.

PRESBYTERIAN

—W. H. Hopkins, of the First Church of Jacksonville, Fla., declines a call to the Central Congregational Church of Atlanta, Ga.

—Henry Fulton accepts a call from the First Church of Nelsonville, O.

—John H. Pingry, a prominent school-teacher, as well as a clergyman, died in Elizabeth, N. J., on February 23, at the age of seventy-four.

—H. S. Jenkinson accepts a call to the First Scotch Church of Chicago, Ill.

—H. D. Lindsay, of Jamestown, N. Y., accepts a call to the North Church of Allegheny, Pa.

OTHER CHURCHES

—L. E. Williams, of Hammonton, N. J., accepts a call to the Potter Memorial Church (Universalist), Good Luck, N. J.

—Samuel M. Crothers, of the Unity Church, St. Paul, Minn., accepts a call from the First Church (Unitarian) of Cambridge, Mass.

—W. W. Davis, of New York City, has been elected rector of Christ Church (P. E.), East Orange, N. J.

Books and Authors

English Economic History[1]

The second volume of Professor Ashley's "English Economic History" must secure for his work the attention of the reading public in a degree which the first volume hardly promised. This is not said by way of disparagement of the earlier volume, which led us to welcome Mr. Ashley's appointment to his chair at Harvard. It simply means that as he has gone on with his work he has enlarged its scope and made first-hand investigations so comprehensive, upon themes of such living interest, that not only economic scholars, but lawyers who care to understand the economic factors in the development of the law, philanthropists who care for a clear exposition of the history of poor-relief, and, above all, ministers who care to comprehend how the moral teachings of the Church have molded and been molded by the economic life of the people, must alike receive this second volume as the most valuable economic work of the year.

The volume before us is rather a collection of historical essays than a systematic history of economic development during the Middle Ages. This method of exposition has unquestionably its faults, and at some future time we hope that Professor Ashley, when his knowledge of certain phases of English history is based more largely upon his own investigations in England, and less largely upon his deductions from the investigations made by German scholars upon the Continent, will present logically the industrial development of English society in its entirety. Yet the method which the author has chosen has its advantages. There are many who will be interested in the history of poor-relief and of the canonist doctrine respecting interest, who will care nothing for the chapters upon the development of the woolen industry, or the agrarian revolution in which the common lands were inclosed by the nobility, and sheep-farming, requiring few hands, took the place of agriculture, requiring many.

Within the limits of a book review it is not easy to set forth even the most important conclusions to which Professor Ashley's investigations have led him. In most chapters he makes it clear that he belongs to the historical school of economists rather than to the deductive school. Upon the question of poor-relief he does, indeed, evince certain strong prejudices against charity, such as were instilled by the late orthodox school of economists. At one point he even goes so far as to say that the law prohibiting giving alms to able-bodied beggars contained an "essential weakness" in that it did not prohibit the giving of alms to the impotent poor. But upon most questions Professor Ashley has shown himself so broad as to believe that people in the earlier ages had common sense as well as ourselves, and that it is irrational for us to sneer at the legislation and moral teaching which they found necessary, because such legislation and such moral teaching are not adapted to our own times. He even commends most strongly the mediæval ordinances fixing "fair prices" for goods, and securing supplies of the common necessities through the agencies of municipalities, instead of the agencies of private merchants. "Trade," he points out, "was so little developed that there was always the danger lest one or two shrewd merchants should secure a practical monopoly." "It must be noticed," he goes on, "that even in dear years it was possible for a town to buy corn in the Baltic, pay for its transportation, sell it at a price sufficiently below that of the ordinary dealer to give general satisfaction, and yet make a profit." In those days individual monopoly of the food-supply was as easy as corporate monopoly of the water-supply at the present day; and the same reasons which justify modern communities in taking into their own hands the public supply of water, justified mediæval communities in taking into their hands the public supply of food. As to the regulation of prices, every man with moral instincts knows that there is

[1] *An Introduction to English Economic History and Theory.* By W. J. Ashley, M.A., Professor of Economic History at Harvard University. Part II. The End of the Middle Ages. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

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such a thing as a fair price; and where competition had not begun to determine it, the public had to do this, just as the modern public has to do it where competition has ceased to determine now.

Professor Ashley's chapter upon the mediæval guilds is not only most instructive to those who would understand the mediæval counterpart of the present labor movement, but is also instructive to those who are interested in the fate of endowments, whether philanthropic or religious. Nearly all of the guilds, sooner or later, took upon themselves certain philanthropic and religious functions. Unfortunately, their endowments of religion (like most others, may we not say?) proved of little advantage to the cause they were intended to benefit. There is much food for reflection in the history of the chantries established where "religious men and poor folk" were to be supported "in perpetuity." Professor Ashley states, as typical of the work done by these chantries, that out of some five-and-twenty in Bristol, investigated by the Commissioners of Edward VI. at the time of the Reformation, only fourteen spent any portion of their funds in relieving the poor, while among these fourteen it may be roughly estimated that, on the average, six pounds six shillings was paid to the incumbent for his living in the service, and sixteen shillings to the poor. At the time of the Reformation that portion of the property of the guilds which was devoted to supposedly religious work was in large measure rightfully confiscated by the State.

We pass over other interesting chapters to call attention to Professor Ashley's review of the teachings of the Church respecting the rightfulness of interest. Professor Ashley, though by no means a Socialist, agrees with Ferdinand Lassalle that interest-bearing capital is a historical category rather than a necessary part of every economic system. The early possessor of property, he says, could not, as a rule, receive a profit from it except through using it himself. The conditions of society did not exist by which capital now gives a man the power to obtain an income without personal labor. The lending that was done in the early Middle Ages (like that done in India to-day) was largely to crusading knights and ambitious convents, on the one hand, or to the very poor on the other. In either case the loan generally involved the impoverishment of the borrower. When these conditions prevailed, the money-lenders were naturally regarded as a harmful class in the community, and the Church in prohibiting usury simply gave expression to the best moral sentiment of the times. These prohibitions of usury, Professor Ashley finds, were by no means dead letters, and did have an important influence in preventing extortion. The theologians gradually came to a partial justification of interest where the lender could show that he had suffered any loss in making the loan, or where he could show that he could have had a distinct gain through not making it. As the purchase of rent-charges (annuities from the land) and profitable investments in business became more common, it became easier to show that the loan had occasioned to the lender a cessation of gain. The theologians, therefore, gradually gave their sanction to interest, though for a long period they continued to denounce as iniquitous loans in which the lender did not share in the losses, if any, of the borrower.

When the Reformation came, the Reformers, instead of siding with the business public in its desire to be rid of the Church restrictions, demanded that the restrictions of an earlier day should be reimposed. Luther had a peasant's hatred of money-lenders, and in his earlier writings, says Professor Ashley, "went so far as to declare that theory of interest was a mere pretext;" "no man," he maintained, "could so certainly count on making a profit with his own money that he could justly contract to receive compensation for foregoing the use of it." Calvin was the first of the great Protestant theologians who distinctly justified interest upon money, but even Calvin's justification of it was only partial. "'Although I do not censure usuries with wholesale condemnation,' he wrote, 'I cannot give them my indiscriminate approbation, nor, indeed, do I approve that any one should make a business of money-lending. Usury for money may lawfully be taken only under the following conditions, and not otherwise.' Among these conditions are: 'That usury should not be demanded from men in need; nor is it lawful to force any man to pay usury who is oppressed by need or calamity;' 'and he who receives a loan or usury should make at least as much for himself, by his labor and care, as he who gives the loan.'" There is no contrast more sharp between the mediæval and modern Church than in their respective attitudes toward money-lending. During the Middle Ages the Church, except at times of religious apathy, always somewhat fiercely opposed the money-lenders. To-day it is apparently indifferent, not only to the rate of interest which they may charge, but even to what changes they may effect in the unit of value by which to increase the principal of their loans.

The Romance of an Empress—Catherine II. of Russia. We doubt whether the word romance is exactly applicable either to the story of the life of Catherine the Great or to her character, so minutely analyzed by M. Waliszewski in this work, which is admirably rendered into English by an anonymous translator. Strange, full of contradictions, and a highly interesting psychological study her character was, no doubt, but hardly romantic; and her life was romantic only in the sense that it had in it startling and dramatic transitions and incidents of both tragic and comic import. M. Waliszewski has of purpose avoided writing a set history of Catherine's reign, choosing rather to take up her personality by each of its many sides. He depicts her, accordingly, in successive chapters, as a naïve young German girl of noble but not illustrious family, poor (comparatively speaking), daughter of a foolish and futilely scheming mother and of a stupid father; then as the chosen bride of the heir to Russia's throne, undergoing inspection and court-training under the dissolute Empress Anna; then as the wife of a most despicable Prince—low, dissipated, incapable, yet self-conceited; then as an intriguer in foreign politics; then as the Empress thrown into power by a revolution the success of which was due to its suddenness and to the folly of the drunken boor who had abused her, and by whose assassination she profited, even if she did not actually plan the deed; finally, after Catherine becomes Empress, her dealings with France and Austria, her personal temperament, her attempts at literature (which were trivial), her letter-writing (which is often charming), her relations with her children and grandchildren, her domestic habits, and, last but not least, her many love affairs—each furnishes a chapter-subject. The longer one reads, the more one wonders at the absolutely dissimilar qualities this woman continually showed as she turned from ruling to love-making, from administering an empire to her daily domesticity, from upsetting the peace of Europe to writing literary trifles. It has been said that she was "a great temperament, not a great intellect," but she was both. As to the extraordinary system of polyandry—it was nothing less—that she adopted, it need only be said that the epithets Messalina and Semiramis, so often applied to her, have a positively ludicrous inappropriateness. There was a German method and precision in her amours which made of them an institution rather than a passion. The position of favorite was officially recognized, and no fewer than ten men held the title at one time or another, receiving more than $100,000,000 of the public funds. When we consider the very thin veneer of the Russian civilization of the time, and the habits of those with whom Catherine was brought into contact on coming to Russia, one is not surprised that her character was not beyond reproach; but there was a strange calmness and deliberateness about her "system" of immorality, and her conduct in this one point is in curious contrast with everything else that is told us of her domestic life. She was not, as she has been called, a "female Louis XIV.;" she was Catherine the Great, the like of whom cannot be found in history. M. Waliszewski's book is in every way able and interesting; it is far the best work on the subject now extant. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

The recent volume of the *Transactions of the English Goethe Society, 1891–92*, gives evidence of the influential character of the membership of that organization and of its activity. Dr. Eugene Oswald is the Secretary of the Society, which has enlarged its field so as to include about Goethe as a central figure almost everything that is interesting in German literature and art. To this volume Dr. Oswald contributes a very suggestive article on Chamisso; Mr. W. C. Coopland writes on "Recent Contributions to the Study of 'Faust,'" turning mainly on the character of Mephistopheles; while Dr. Alexander Tille contributes a very scholarly discussion of the artistic treatment

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of the "Faust" legend. The Roman Elegies are for the first time entirely translated into English in the original meter by Sir Theodore Martin, but it cannot be said that justice is done these brilliant poems in any sense of the word. Many of the lines are exceedingly feeble, and some very defective in meter. Mr. R. G. Alford gives an interesting history of the reception of Goethe in England, under the title of "Goethe's Earliest Critics in England." Two sides of the poet's nature are contrasted in two articles on "Goethe's Optimism" by Mr. Alford, and "The Pessimistic Attitude in Goethe" by Mr. Wenley. A paper which will be read with a good deal of interest in this country is "Goethe as a Minister of State." Altogether the volume has strong claims upon the attention of American students of the great German poet. (David Nutt, London.)

Professor G. G. Stokes continues his Gifford Lectures on *Natural Theology*, delivered before the University of Edinburgh in 1893, and he branches out with a freer discussion of the subject than in the former course. He does not feel the pressure of any distinctly novel problems in the domain of his subject, but he does perceive that the theory of evolution and the discussions concerning the validity of knowledge call for a readjustment and restatement of the old questions, whose statement and answer by Paley and Butler are now out of date. There is a wealth of data and of illustration in these lectures, and the material is both fresh and curious. The author has read widely and deeply pondered his facts; and not a few of his conclusions will be startling to the average reader who has not kept in the current of the recent discussion of the evidences of revealed religion. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Ludovic Halévy has secured quite an extensive American audience by reason of his charming story, "The Abbé Constantin," in its way one of the purest and sweetest of recent French stories. This constituency will be interested in the new book containing nine short sketches under the title *Parisian Points of View*. This volume is distinctly Parisian in its attitude, its view of life, and its touch. In his interesting introductory note Mr. Matthews says that, while Balzac wrote French, Halévy writes Parisian. The translation by Miss Edith V. B. Matthews is extremely well done; it is light, discriminating, and delicately shaded; and it is hardly necessary to say that to translate a Parisian is no easy task. The introduction by Mr. Brander Matthews is brief, but places Halévy very accurately where he belongs. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

The most striking point about the sermons of the Rev. David H. Greer, of St. Batholomew's Church, New York, is that they are searching. Dr. Greer does not deal in glittering generalities, however true and attractive; he goes straight down to the sensitive spot in the human heart. They are, therefore, sermons which may well be set as models, in manner and in method, for young preachers. *From Things to God* is the title—not very happily chosen, as we think. Dr. Greer has at times the fervor of a message-bearing prophet, and it is a matter of common report that in his congregation the rich have the Gospel preached unto them. (T. Whittaker, New York.)

We think that Dr. Joseph Parker sounds the right tone for the inspiration of the Bible when he pleads for its moral and spiritual energizing power to transform human life and character as the sufficient evidence, the most conclusive proof, that the Bible is the Word of God. We find the pages of Dr. Parker rich with ideas that are genuine, the product, not of mentality only, but of spirituality also. We do not like the title of the book, *None Like It: A Plea for the Old Sword*, albeit the phrase comes from the Bible itself. As a title it sounds to some sentimental in a cheap way, and verging towards the catchpenny class of publications. The book itself is a work of solid value. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.)

The very wide popularity attained by *Ships that Pass in the Night* seems well deserved. The author, Beatrice Harraden, has a distinct motive, both ethically and artistically speaking. The temptation to morbidness inseparable from the subject—the scene is laid at a health resort, and the characters are almost all under the shadow of death—has been avoided in the main. The real cause of the book's success is the absolute genuineness of its pathos; the story of love and death affects one honestly and sincerely. In style the story is sound and clear, and the few characters come out strongly and sharply. There is that in the little volume which excites thought as well as feeling. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

The late Rev. Canon Aubrey L. Moore was a thoughtful sermon-writer, and his were distinctly university sermons. A volume of his, *God is Love, and Other Sermons*, develops the fundamental idea which the author put forth in his essay in the book "Lux Mundi." This idea of God we accept as the only ethically and socially fruitful concept of the Eternal. The volume is one which will prove suggestive and helpful to preachers. It requires from the reader a close attention, not because of any obscurity of language, but on account of the condensation of the style. (T. Whittaker, New York.)

Literary Notes

—The Municipal League of Philadelphia will publish in one volume the proceedings of the recent Conference for Good City Government held in that city.

—Mrs. Rachel Sherman Thorndike has edited the letters of her father, General Sherman, and her uncle, Senator Sherman, which begin when General Sherman entered West Point and continue to his last years.

—A French translation of Miss Wilkins's stories has been published in Lausanne—perhaps the place of all others on the Continent where the author would be most appreciated.

—Professor Ely's "Social Aspects of Christianity" has been adopted by the Methodists and by the United Brethren in their prescribed course for theological students, and in their Bible-classes.

—M. Zola's defeats in successive elections to the French Academy are becoming almost monotonous. A majority of nineteen has just elected his opponent, M. de Hérédia, the Cuban-Gaul.

—Major Serpa Pinto, the Portuguese explorer, and the French novelist, Pierre Loti, have gone to the Holy Land. Their plan includes a long caravan journey. We may now expect a delightful Syrian romance.

—The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Friedrich Diez will be celebrated on March 15 at Columbia College, New York City. Romance scholars and philologists from all parts of the country are expected to be present.

—The American Folk-Lore Society is about to publish "Folk-Tales of Angola," by Heli Chatelain, late United States Commercial Agent at Loanda, West Africa. This publication of oral literature will be the first printed representation of the ideas of races from which have been derived part of the negro population of our Southern States.

—A long time ago, at one of the social gatherings at the house of Mr. Howells, Professor Fiske got so deep in the discussion of the origin of Mother Goose rhymes that his host suggested that he write a paper on the subject for the "Atlantic." Professor Fiske wrote one and then another, and they became the nucleus of his first book, "Myths and Myth-Makers."

—Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson has not only inspired the literary talent of Mr. Quiller-Couch into productivity, but also that of Mr. S. R. Crockett, a young Scotch clergyman at Penicuik, who wrote that clever book, "The Stickit Minister." The Macmillans are about publishing another novel of Mr. Crockett's, called "The Raiders," which will deal with Highland life fifteen decades ago.

—Paris critics are much exercised just now as to whether that strange *ragoût*, "Iseyl," is sacrilegious or not. The characters in the drama are members of the Holy Family and others, disguised as Hindus of the sixth century B.C. M. Armand Silvestre, the principal author, prides himself on being a cross between Boccaccio and Wagner, and Iseyl herself runs the gamut from sin to penitence, somewhat as Kundry does in "Parsifal."

—Mr. Ruskin's lectures delivered between 1870 and 1883 will be published in book form under the title "Verona." Three of the lectures—namely, "Arachne," "Candida Casa," and "The Mending of the Sieve"—have never been published at all. Years ago the venerable essayist used to live at Denmark Hill, on the outskirts of London; but the same influences which established the residence of Wordsworth, De Quincey, Coleridge, and Harriet Martineau also drew him to the Lake country, and in a plain but comfortable house ("Brantwood"), once occupied by the American engraver, Lynn Linton, he took up his residence by the side of Coniston Lake. Half a mile away stands "Tent Lodge," the first residence of Alfred Tennyson.

—In connection with Count Tolstoï's last book a remarkable copyright dispute has been occupying the attention of lawyers, publishers, and authors in England. As is well known, the Russian philanthropist not only declines to receive any financial return from his works, but even to avail himself of any copyright protection for them. The royalties which should be his, to give them to the needy if he wish, swell instead the pockets of publishers, who, in consequence, battle for a monopoly privilege. They obtain for themselves the copyright refused by Tolstoï, and prosecute each other for every infringement thereof. Meanwhile the Russian poor are poorer through the shortsightedness of their would-be benefactor.

[For list of Books Received see page 469]

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To Congregationalists

Congregational Home Missionary Society,
Bible House, New York, March 1, 1894.

The Executive Committee of the Congregational Home Missionary Society is compelled by the financial situation in which the Society to-day finds itself to give notice to the Congregational churches of the United States, whose agent it is, that there is every probability that the work of the Society for the new year, which begins April 1, will have to be seriously curtailed.

The receipts for the eleven months of the year now closing have fallen off in contributions $78,000, and in legacies $79,000, a total of $157,000, and we are now borrowing $125,000.

A large increase of gifts during the present month is all that will save us from a step which will occasion widespread disturbance and serious loss to the cause, but which otherwise is inevitable; and this notwithstanding the fact that no increase has been made in the expenditures of the National Society for the past three years.

The Committee appeals for an immediate response from every Congregationalist in the land, that we may be relieved from a situation full of distress to us all.

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ASA A. SPEAR, Recording Secretary,
WILLIAM M. TAYLOR,
CHARLES H. PARSONS,
JAMES G. ROBERTS,
SAMUEL H. VIRGIN,
JOSEPH WILLIAM RICE,
HERBERT M. DIXON,
ROBERT R. MEREDITH,
CHARLES H. RICHARDS,
GEORGE P. STOCKWELL,
ROBERT J. KENT,
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GEORGE W. HEBARD,
HENRY A. STIMSON,
Executive Committee.
JOSEPH B. CLARK,
WILLIAM KINCAID,
WASHINGTON CHOATE,
Corresponding Secretaries.
WILLIAM B. HOWLAND, *Treasurer.*
ALEXANDER H. CLAPP, *Hon. Treasurer.*

February Necrology

Feb. 1.—G. C. A. Lünemann. Born 1819. Professor of Theology at the University of Göttingen.

Feb. 2.—Cardinal Luigi Serafini. Born 1808. Bishop of Sabina. Created Cardinal in 1877 by Pope Pius IX.

Feb. 2.—General Hans Herzog. Born 1819. At one time Commander-in-chief of the Swiss Artillery. Bourbaki's fugitive force of eighty thousand yielded to him in 1871, thus avoiding an otherwise inevitable surrender to the German General von Werder.

Feb. 2.—Hassan H. Wheeler. Born 1837. President of the American District Telegraph Company, New York City.

Feb. 3.—George W. Childs. Born 1829. Editor of the Philadelphia "Ledger." Eminent philanthropist and citizen, whose gifts have benefited England as well as this country.

Feb. 3.—Edward Wood. Born 1827. President of the Bowery Savings Bank, New York City, which began business in 1834, when there were but eight savings banks in the State.

Feb. 3.—The Rev. Dr. Henry Stafford Osborn. Born 1823. Author of "Scientific Metallurgy of Iron and Steel in the United States," "The New Descriptive Geography of Palestine," and other books.

Feb. 5.—Dr. Theodor Billroth. Born 1829. Greatest pupil of Langenbeck, and, surpassing even him, became the most distinguished of Austrian surgeons, and the world-acknowledged head of surgical pathology. His most famous operations were the extirpation of a diseased larynx and the excision of a cancer of the stomach, the latter being the first successful one ever performed.

Feb. 8.—The Rev. Henry L. Ziegenfuss. Born 1844. Archdeacon of Dutchess County and rector of Christ Church (P. E.), Poughkeepsie.

Feb. 8.—Robert Michael Ballantyne. Born 1825. Writer of stories of adventure for young people.

Feb. 8.—Baron Karl von Werther. Born 1809. Prussian Minister to Switzerland, Greece, Denmark, Russia, and Austria, successively.

Feb. 8.—The Rev. Dr. William C. Clark. Born 1813. Formerly at the head of the Institute of Fine Arts, Florence.

Feb. 9.—George W. Houk. Born 1813. Representative in Congress from the Third District of Ohio.

Feb. 9.—Maxime du Camp. Born 1822. Well-known traveler, publicist, historian, and essayist. Member of the Academy.

Feb. 11.—The Rev. Dr. Aldin Grout. Born 1804. Long a missionary among the Zulus, into whose language he translated the Bible.

Feb. 12.—The Rt. Hon. Sir Harry Verney. Born 1801. In 1832 entered Parliament for Buckingham as a Liberal, and sat as such until 1885, when he retired from public life.

Feb. 12.—The Rev. Dr. Horatio Quincy Butterfield. Born 1822. President of Olivet College, Olivet, Mich.

Feb. 13.—Hans von Bülow. Born 1830. Eminent orchestral conductor, pianist, and critic. With Ritter, Richter, and Seidl, one of the very few conductors to whom Richard Wagner gave personal instruction.

Feb. 15.—Jules François Viette. Born 1843. Began life as a journalist. Councilor-General, 1871–6; Member of Chamber of Deputies, 1876–94; Minister of Agriculture in the Tirard and Floquet Cabinets, and Minister of Public Works in the Loubet, Ribot, and Dupuy Cabinets. In 1892 he quelled the mining troubles at Carmaux.

Feb. 19.—Francisco Asenjo Barbieri. Born 1823. Celebrated composer and critic. At one time Director of the Royal Theater, Madrid.

Feb. 19.—Ernesto Camillo Sivori. Born 1815. Popular Italian violinist, and only pupil of Paganini.

Feb. 20.—Joseph Keppler. Born 1838. Cartoonist of "Puck."

Feb. 21.—The Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring Plumley. Born 1827. Pastor of the Greenfield Hill, Conn., Congregational Church.

Feb. 24.—Norman L. Munro. Born 1843. Well-known New York publisher and yachtsman.

Feb. 25.—Steele Mackaye. Born 1842. Constructor of the Madison Square and Lyceum Theaters, New York City. Author of "Hazel Kirke," "Won at Last," "Paul Kauvar," and other plays.

Feb. 26.—Dr. Prix. Bürgermeister of Vienna, and prominent Austrian publicist.

Feb. 28.—Janet Patey. Born 1842. For thirty years a popular English contralto singer, especially successful in concert and oratorio.

Feb. 28.—James Wilson McDill. Born 1834. Served in the Forty-third and Forty-fourth Congresses. Followed Samuel J. Kirkwood as United States Senator from Iowa. In 1892 General Harrison appointed him to succeed Judge Cooley on the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

Art and Comparative Religion

Mr. Leonard Corning is delivering an interesting Lenten course of Art Studies in Comparative Religion at Hardman Hall, New York City. The second lecture, delivered on Monday of last week, was on "Demonology." The elements of Good warring against those of Evil and always overcoming them were illustrated in Egyptian religion by Horus destroying Aphophis, in Assyrian and Babylonian by Dagon and the Demon, in Persian by Ormuzd and the Devil, and in Hindu by Krishna killing the serpent. We have no name for the Woman-devil of Egypt, though we have representations of that monster; in Greece, however, she became Medusa, just as the Egyptian Typho was transformed into the Greek Gorgon. Coming to Biblical suggestions, the Serpent in the Garden, the Tormentor of Job, and the seven-headed Beast of the Apocalypse were instanced as examples of the Evil One. Succeeding lectures will have as their subjects "Mortality," "Eschatology," and "Pagan Symbolism."

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—As regards distinguished journalistic connection, the Walter family, of London, find their counterpart in Rotterdam, where that well-known paper, the "Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant," recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its establishment. Although seventy-eight years of age, Henricus Nijgh, its founder, is still actively engaged in editorial work. His son, J. C. Nijgh, the present editor-in-chief, has occupied that position more than twenty-five years, while the founder's grandson is now fitting himself to have a hand in the editing of the "Courant" in foreign lands.

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THE PLANT SYSTEM

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NORTH, EAST, and WEST

The three magnificent Hotels of the PLANT SYSTEM in Florida, Mr. J. H. KING, Manager, now open for season.

SEMINOLE, at Winter Park
TAMPA BAY, at Tampa
THE INN, at Port Tampa

Excursions to Jamaica. Second trip leaves **Port Tampa** about **March 1st.** Third trip about **March 12th.**

Tri-weekly service, via Plant Steamship Line, from **Port Tampa** to **Key West** and **Havana**; also to all fishing and hunting resorts of the Gulf Coast.

☞ Secure tickets reading via lines of the PLANT SYSTEM and CONNECTIONS.

Three daily trains with through Pullman Sleeping-Cars from the North and East, via Pennsylvania R.R. and Atlantic Coast Line; also via Steamship Lines from Boston, New York, and Baltimore to Savannah, connecting with S. F. & W. Ry. (Plant System).

For Circulars, Maps, Time-Tables, etc., apply to W. M. DAVIDSON, Gen. Pass. Agt., Jacksonville, Fla.

J. D. HASHAGEN, East. Agt. | 261 Broadway,
FRED. ROBLIN, Trav. Pass. Agt. | (Room A), N.Y.
A. P. LANE, Agent, 268 Washington St., Boston.

Don't you know? Well, ask us.

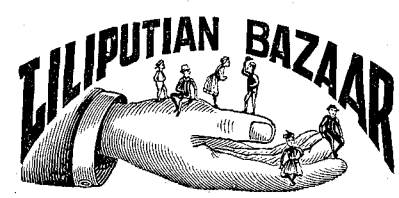
If you have a puzzling photographic question, fling it at us. No charge for the answer.

We make Waterbury, Detective and Henry Clay cameras, and——but never mind. Ask your question.

Scovill & Adams Co.,

423 Broome Street, New York.

BEST & CO



Your Children's Feet

Are in their school shoes a large portion of their waking hours. 'Tis obvious then, that the shoe for school wear should receive particular attention. We have one made especially for us that is just right. It contains the best materials, calf foxed, triple stitched, dongola tops, extension soles, spring heels, fits perfectly, looks neat and stylish, and cannot be excelled for durability and comfort. For boys and girls of all ages, button or lace.

Sizes 8 to 10 1-2——$2.10.
do. 11 to 2 ——$2.75.

Catalogue and mail order blank sent on application.

60-62 West 23d St., N. Y.

THE RALEIGH BICYCLES

On which **All World's Championships OF '92 AND '93 WERE WON,**

are the strongest wheels, as well as the lightest made. The 23-pound road wheel and 19-pound racer are the firmest, speediest, safest, lightest wheels known. The RALEIGH bearings are unequaled for light-running qualities. For catalogue address

THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO., | 2081-3 7TH AVE., NEW YORK. | 289 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.

CHOICE ROSES AT 5 Cents.

Good & Reese's Roses are on their own roots.

OUR RAINBOW COLLECTION OF 20 ROSES FOR $1. PREPAID BY MAIL.

The roses we send are on their own roots, from 10 to 15 inches high, and will bloom freely this summer either in pots or planted in yard. They are hardy, ever bloomers. We send instructions with each order how to plant and care for them. Please examine the below list of 20 choice fragrant monthly roses, and see if you can duplicate them anywhere for an amount so small as $1. They are nearly all new kinds.—We guarantee them to reach you in good condition, **and we also guarantee them to be the best dollar's worth of roses you have ever purchased. THE RAINBOW COLLECTION OF 20 ROSES FOR ONE DOLLAR MUST BE ORDERED COMPLETE.**

The List:—**Bridesmaid,** the best pink rose by far ever introduced. **Princess of Wales,** amber yellow, deepening to orange. **Snowflake,** pure white, always in bloom. **Princess de Radziwell,** lovely coral red. **Pearl of the Gardens,** deep golden yellow. **Beauty of Stapleford,** bright rosy crimson. **Queen of Fragrance,** in clusters of 6 to 10 roses, white edged pink. **Rheingold,** beautiful shades of saffron and tawn. **Sunset,** golden amber, resembles an "afterglow." **Dr. Grill,** coppery yellow and fawny rose. **Duchess Marie Immaculata,** an intermingling of bronze, orange, yellow, pink and crimson. **Lady Castlereagh,** soft rosy crimson and yellow. **Papa Gontier,** lovely dark red. **Star of Gold,** the queen of all *yellow roses.* **Waban,** *a great rose in bloom all the time.* **Lady Stanley,** great garden rose. **Viscountesse Wautier,** one of the best roses grown. **Cleopatra,** soft shell pink, lovely. **Sappho,** fawn suffused with red. **Letty Coles,** very chaste and beautiful.

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING IS IN THE EATING.

This applies to Floral matters as well as to matters culinary.

Ballinger, Texas, Nov. 29.

The GOOD & REESE CO., Springfield, O. Gentlemen: The 20 ever blooming roses you sent me for $1. arrived yesterday in the most splendid condition, and allow me to say that I was absolutely surprised at the size of the stalks and the amount, length and thriftiness of the roots. I have wondered many times how you could afford to send out such roses for such a small price. Every home in the land *should have their yard full of ever blooming roses at this price.*

Yours,
(Judge) C. H. WILLINGHAM.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 20, 1893.

The GOOD & REESE CO., Springfield, O. Gentlemen: I wish to thank you for the excellent assortment of roses contained in your Rainbow Collection. On May 3, I planted them, 19 of them lived. About six of them bloomed in June, since which all have bloomed either monthly or perpetual, true to their color. On Sept. 1, I counted 106 buds and blooms on the 19 roses. They were much admired by my friends and neighbors, and allow me to thank you for furnishing this source of pleasure so cheaply. Very respectfully,

82 Fifth Avenue. E. D. SMITH.

We will also send our Iron Clad Collection of 12 Hardy Roses, all different colors, $1. Try a set. 20 Chrysanthemums, all prize winners, $1. 16 Geraniums, double and single, flowered and scented, $1. 12 choice Begonias, different kinds, $1. 40 packets choice Flower Seeds, all different kinds, $1. Our handsome, illustrated, 152-page Catalogue, describing above Roses, Plants and all Seeds, mailed for 10c. stamps. Don't place your order before seeing our prices. **WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY.** We have **large two year old Roses for immediate effect. Liberal Premiums to club raisers, or how to get your seeds and plants free. We are the LARGEST ROSE GROWERS IN THE WORLD. Our sales of Rose Plants alone last season exceeded a million and a half.** When you order Roses, Plants and Seeds, you want the very best. Try us. Address

GOOD & REESE CO., Box 165, Champion City Greenhouses, Springfield, Ohio.

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Financial

The sum of $1,250,000 gold was shipped abroad on Saturday. Over three hundred failures in business are reported by Dun & Co. for the week in the United States and Canada, which is an increase of over twenty per cent. in number compared with the corresponding week of 1893.

The loss of gross earnings for the month of February in a very large proportion of the railway mileage of the country as compared with February, 1893, is estimated at over 16 per cent.; but economies have been so severely instituted that in many cases these heavy gross losses have proved to be very small in net, while in a number of important roads the net has actually exceeded the figures of last February, notwithstanding gross deficits, and the general impression is that these net results have been reached without detriment to the properties.

There has been some demoralization in through traffic rates from Chicago, due to secret cutting by some of the companies determined to get business at whatever cost, and this week the trunk railway representatives have met to harmonize or in some way adjust these violations of agreements, and some progress has been made in accomplishing the desired result. The Reading Railway Company is making rapid progress towards a reorganization of its affairs, and within a week it will have paid off one or two of its heaviest floating loans. There will be no assessment on the stock; the floating debt will be taken up chiefly by a ten-year collateral loan negotiated through a syndicate. The Richmond Terminal reorganization is progressing, but with some changes from the original plan, and not without serious hindrances, yet with the belief that these will be overcome. An advance took place in the market on Wednesday and Thursday of the week, and shares of the Granger roads—St. Paul, Chicago and Rock Island, and Burlington and Quincy especially—advanced from 2 per cent. to 4 per cent., but the setback came on Friday. That a little more confidence is manifest is true, yet the improvement is of rather a sickly order, and subject to continual reactions under attacks by the bear element in the markets. Railway bonds are better, and the demand for the cheaper speculations is more marked than for some time. Silver is very weak in the various markets, led by the London quotations, where it is down to 27¼ pence per ounce, against 59¼ cents in the New York market. Our exports of the white metal, since the Government has ceased buying, are larger than there is any legitimate demand for in London, and the consequences are really serious in a number of ways, leading to predictions that Europe will soon find occasion for getting an international conference together again to arrange for a larger and standard use of the metal in the money systems of the countries. Wheat is a little better, but still very low, and not particularly well sustained at that. The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, decrease	$1,914,200
Specie, decrease	389,300
Legal tenders, increase	1,150,400
Deposits, decrease	1,001,200
Reserve, increase	1,011,400

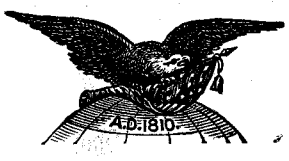
—which leaves the city banks with a surplus reserve of $75,778,900.

Money is 1 per cent. on call, and 2 per cent. for six months' time on good Stock Exchange collateral.

WALL STREET.

FINANCIAL

AMERICAN FIRE
INSURANCE COMPANY



Office, Company's Building,
308 & 310 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Investment Securities

such as real estate loans, municipal bonds, school bonds, etc. We select these for large and small investors with the utmost care. They will yield 4½% to 6½%.
Our pamphlet is free.

The Provident Trust Co. 45 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

Please mention The Outlook

LOMBARD,
Equitable, Jarvis-Conklin, and other Mortgages
BOUGHT FOR CASH
CHAS. E. GIBSON, - 45 Milk St., Boston

The Swiss Referendum
provides for submitting to the people proposed legislation for their approval or rejection, The
Massachusetts Benefit Life Association
has been submitted to the people, and has been endorsed by them in the most emphatic manner.

The Largest and Strongest Natural-Premium Insurance Co. of New England.

$5,000.00 a day paid to beneficiaries at 60% of usual cost.

The **NEW POLICY** of the Massachusetts Benefit Life Association has no superior. It gives **Cash Dividends, Cash Surrender Values, Paid-Up Insurance,** and other desirable options.

Splendid Openings for Energetic Men to Act as Special, General and State Agents.

GEO. A. LITCHFIELD, Pres. 53 State St., Boston.

1851 FORTY-THIRD ANNUAL STATEMENT 1894
OF THE
Phœnix Mutual Life Insurance Company
OF HARTFORD, CONN.
JANUARY 1, 1894

ASSETS:

Loans on First Mortgages of Real Estate		$5,497,146.83
Premium Notes and Loans on Policies in force		726,798.08
Loans on Collateral		7,500.25
Cost Value of Real Estate owned by the Company		989,853.49
City and Municipal and Railroad Bonds and Stocks		2,089,090.49
Bank Stocks		164,543.00
Cash in Office		307.70
Cash Deposited in Banks		306,329.46
		$9,781,569.30
Add:		
Market Value of Stocks and Bonds over cost	$42,888.51	
Interest accrued and due	137,067.64	
Premiums in course of collection	123,220.71	
Deferred Semi-Annual and Quarterly Premiums	79,110.30	382,287.16
Gross Assets, January 1, 1894,		**$10,163,856.46**

LIABILITIES:

Reserve on Policies in force at 4 per cent. interest (Conn. and N. Y. standard)	$9,011,846.00	
Claims by death outstanding	98,958.00	
Premiums paid in advance	10,077.00	
Loading on outstanding and Deferred Premiums	40,466.20	
Special Policy and Investment Reserves	446,241.45	$9,607,588.65
Surplus at 4 per cent.,		**$556,267.81**

	1891	1892	1893
Policies issued	2,886	3,856	4,769
Insurance written	$5,288,167	$7,909,116	$8,835,062
New Premiums received	131,689	219,987	225,960
Total Premiums received	763,080	925,735	1,027,092
Paid policy-holders	966,213	1,079,587	1,093,420
Policies in force	18,369	19,788	21,421
Insurance in force	27,102,425	30,549,306	33,681,523

This Company has paid since organization for DEATH LOSSES, MATURED ENDOWMENTS, DIVIDENDS TO POLICY-HOLDERS, and SURRENDERED POLICIES, more than $34,000,000.00.

JONATHAN B. BUNCE, President. CHARLES H. LAWRENCE, Secretary.
JOHN M. HOLCOMBE, Vice-President. ARCHIBALD A. WELCH, Actuary.
A. W. BARROWS, M.D., Medical Director.
GEORGE S. MILLER, Supt. of Agencies.

WARRANTS STATE, COUNTY, SCHOOL and CITY
Favorite Investment with Banks, Trust Companies and Individuals. Send for List.
YIELD EIGHT PER CENT. 535 Drexel Build'g, PHILADA., PA.
H. F. NEWHALL, Manager East. Office Home Savings and Loan Association. Paid in Capital, $1,000,000.

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New York Guaranty & Indemnity Co.,

59 TO 65 CEDAR STREET, NEW YORK,
Mutual Life Building.

CAPITAL, - - $2,000,000
SURPLUS, - - $1,000,000

In addition to its special charter privileges, this Company possesses all the powers of Trust Companies under the New York Banking Laws; acts as Trustee for Corporations, firms, and individuals, as Executor or Administrator of estates, and is a legal depository of trust funds.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

EDWIN PACKARD, President.
ADRIAN ISELIN, Jr., Vice-President.
GEORGE R. TURNBULL, 2d Vice-President.
HENRY A. MURRAY, Treas. and Sec.
J. NELSON BORLAND, Assist. Secretary.

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Walter R. Gillette,	Alexander E. Orr,
Robert Goelet,	Edwin Packard,
George Griswold Haven,	Henry H. Rogers,
Oliver Harriman,	Henry W. Smith,
R. Somers Hayes,	H. McK. Twombly,
Charles R. Henderson,	Frederick W. Vanderbilt
Adrian Iselin. Jr.,	William C. Whitney,

J. Hood Wright.

United States Mortgage Co.,

59 CEDAR ST., NEW YORK.

CAPITAL - - - $2,000,000
SURPLUS - - - - 600,000

Transacts a General Trust Business.
Receives Deposits on Certificate and subject to check.
Allows interest on Daily Balances.
Loans money on Bond and Mortgage.
Issues First Mortgage Trust Gold Bonds.
Takes entire charge of Estates.
Acts as Trustee, Registrar, Transfer Agt,
Pays Coupons. Executes all Trusts.

Charles R. Henderson, President.
Luther Kountze, V. Pres. Geo. W. Young, 2d V. Pres.
William P. Elliott, Sec. Arthur Turnbull, As't Trea.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Richard A. McCurdy.
Charles D. Dickey, Jr. Gustav E. Kissel,
Theodore A. Havemeyer, Luther Kountze,
Charles R. Henderson, James Timpson,

DIRECTORS.

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COLLECTIONS.

Western Mortgages.

Holders of western mortgages obtained through defunct companies are finding

The Atlas Land and Investment Co., of Lawrence, Kansas,

the best and cheapest agency for collecting interest and principal, foreclosing defaulted mortgages, looking up back taxes, renting and selling land. The Atlas Co. has rendered valuable service to many hundred investors at a minimum expense. We have a few choice, safe loans where we personally know both security and borrowers. Correspondence solicited. L. H. PERKINS, President

WE PAY POST-AGE

All you have guessed about life insurance may be wrong. If you wish to know the truth, send for "How and Why," issued by the PENN MUTUAL LIFE, 921-35 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

SUBSCRIBERS' WANTS

Want advertisements of thirty words or less will be published under this heading at one dollar a week. Four cents a week is charged for each word in excess of thirty.

WANTED—Lady, college undergraduate and experienced teacher, desires position as governess, private tutor, companion, or secretary. English, Latin, Greek, German. Willing to travel. Highest references. Address O. H., No. 6,049, care Outlook.

AN INSTITUTION for the reformation and education of children desires Superintendent. Unexceptionable references required. Address ASYLUM. No. 6,053, Outlook Office.

AN ELDERLY LADY (foreigner) wishes to travel as companion with lady or invalid; is a good nurse. First-class references. No. 6,010, care Outlook.

Books Received

A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON. NEW YORK

Lumby, J. Rawson, D.D. The Epistles of St. Peter. $1.50.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO., NEW YORK

Child, Rev. F. S. The Friendship of Jesus. 50 cts.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., NEW YORK

Brooks, Phillips. The Life Here and the Life Hereafter: An Easter Sermon. 25 cts.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Davis, William M. Elementary Meteorology. $2.70.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON

Longfellow, Henry W. Evangeline.
The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers.
Foote, Mary Hallock. In Exile, and Other Stories. $1.25.
Winsor, Justin. Cartier to Frontenac. $4.
Story, William W. A Poet's Portfolio. $1.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Australia as It Is. By a Clergyman. $1.75.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK

Palgrave, R. H. Inglis. Dictionary of Political Economy. Sixth Part. $1.
Scott, Sir Walter, Bart. St. Ronan's Well. $1.25.
Joceline, Elizabeth. The Mother's Legacy. $1.25.
Maccallum, M. W. Tennyson's Idylls of the King, and Arthurian Story from the XVIth Century. $2.50.
Westcott, Brooke F., D.D. The Incarnation and Common Life. $2.50.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Berenson, Bernhard. The Venetian Painters of the Renaissance. $1.25.
Raymond, George L. Art in Theory. $1.75.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK

Carnegie, Rev. David. Among the Matabele. 60 cts.
Popular Selections from Hymns New and Old. Edited by D. B. Towner, T. T. Eaton, and G. H. Simmons. 10 cts.
Moorehead, W. G., D.D. Outline Studies in the Books of the Old Testament. $1.50.
Smith, George. The Conversion of India. $1.50.

Ada Rehan in silver.

After thorough tests of many articles the owners of the SILVER STATUE exhibited at the World's Fair have decided to use

SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

exclusively, for cleaning and polishing the Statue, the most valuable piece of silver in the world.

Trial quantity for the asking or box post-paid, 15 cts. It's sold everywhere.]

The ELECTRO SILICON CO., 72 John St., New York

Easter Morning

present each member of the family with a dainty souvenir spoon, gold bowl. Cost 25 cents each by mail. Engraving name, 25 cents extra. They are marvels of beauty

FULL SIZE

Egg Spoon, same pattern, gold bowl, 35c. each.
Send stamps for sample. Box 800.

THE HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVER CO.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

SEND US A TRIAL ORDER.

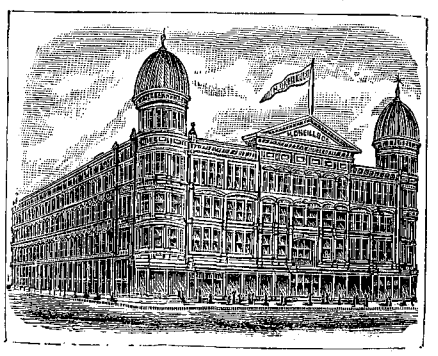
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

O'NEILL'S

Sixth Ave., 20th to 21st St.,
. . . NEW YORK. . . .

IMPORTERS AND RETAILERS

Fine Millinery, Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Cloaks and Costumes. House Furnishing Goods, China and Glassware.



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MAIL ORDER BUSINESS.

sending goods to

ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

Guaranteeing perfect satisfaction to the customer or refunding the money.

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE.

We are now booking names for our Spring and Summer Catalogue, which will be issued about April 1st, and mailed FREE to out of town residents. Send us your name early as the demand is always greater than the Supply.

6th Ave., 20th to 21st St., N. Y.

FINE GOODS AT LOW PRICES.

SEND FOR SAMPLES AND PRICES.

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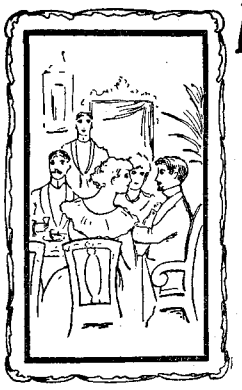

At Dinner

your guests are pleased with the soup because your cook used in making it Cudahy's Rex Brand Extract of Beef, and the verdict was, "The best soup I ever tasted." The concentrated nutritive qualities and delicious flavor of Rex Brand Extract of Beef secured for it the Highest Award at World's Fair.

Sample Jar sent free for 6c. to cover postage.

THE CUDAHY PHARMACEUTICAL CO.,
South Omaha, Neb.

Our illustrated booklet, "From Ranch to Table," showing how Rex Brand Beef Extract is made, and recipes for using it, mailed free.

Arnold Constable & Co.

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Silk and Wool

and

All Wool

Hopsackings, Homespuns,
English and Scotch Suitings,
Diagonals, Serges,
Armures, Mixtures,
Fancy Weaves,
Plaids, Stripes, and Checks,
Silk and Wool Crepons,
Printed Challies.
White, Cream, and
Colored Crepons,
Thin Fabrics and Tissues
for Evening and House Toilet.

Embroidered Robes

Broadway & 19th st.

New York

MY **WIFE** CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT AND PAY FREIGHT.

$14 Buys our 2 drawer walnut or oak Improved High Arm Singer sewing machine finely finished, nickel plated, adapted to light and heavy work; guaranteed for 10 Years; with Automatic Bobbin Winder, Self-Threading Cylinder Shuttle, Self-Setting Needle and a complete set of Steel Attachments; shipped any where on 30 Day's Trial. No money required in advance. 75,000 now in use. World's Fair Medal awarded machine and attachments. Buy from factory and save dealer's and agent's profits.

FREE Cut This Out and send to-day for machine or large free catalogue, testimonials and Glimpses of the World's Fair.

OXFORD MFG. CO. 342 Wabash Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

About People

—That remarkable Italian violinist, Ernesto Camillo Sivori, who has just died, at the age of eighty, at Genoa, was but six years old when Paganini heard him, and was so much impressed that he himself gave him lessons, and even wrote half a dozen sonatas for him. Sivori was the master's only pupil.

—The other day the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cashel, Ireland, was examining a small boy in his catechism, and asked: "What is matrimony?" The little fellow said: "Two people getting married, your Grace?" "Could two little boys get married?" pursued the Archbishop. "Yis, your Grace." "How is that?" "To two little girls, your Grace."

—M. Jules Simon, perhaps the most eminent of living Frenchmen, has just celebrated his eightieth birthday. He has resided in the same house in Paris for the past forty-five years. The world might possibly do without his great services as academician, senator, minister, and premier, but who will ever write again such a daily "Mon Petit Journal" for "Le Temps" or any other paper?

—The only child of the Czar and Czarina who enjoys robust health is the Grand Duchess Xenia, now nineteen years old. She is by no means beautiful, but is greatly beloved on account of her gentleness of disposition and her devotion to her parents. It is reported that she will marry her cousin, the Grand Duke Alexander, the fourth son of the Grand Duke Michael, brother to the late Alexander II.

President Lincoln
used to say that you could fool some people all the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all the people all of the time. This explains why people come back to the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

The Fletcher Prize of $500

The Trustees of Dartmouth College offer the above prize, according to the will of the Hon. Richard Fletcher, for the best Essay calculated to counteract the present tendency to a "Fatal Conformity to the World." The following subjects are assigned, with the date at which essay is to be forwarded:

1. In what ways ought the conception of personal life and duty to be modified? Dec. 31, 1894.
2. Should any restrictions, legal or moral, be placed upon the accumulation of wealth? Dec. 31, 1896.
3. How can education be made a greater safeguard against materialism? Dec. 31, 1898.

These subjects may be treated singly or in course. No essay to exceed 250 pages of 270 words each. Circular containing further particulars forwarded if desired.

WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER,
President of Dartmouth College.
Hanover, N. H., Feb. 15, 1894.

"A HEALING WONDER."

Comfort Powder

Has no equal as a baby powder.
No other keeps the skin so healthy.

Send 4 cents in stamps for liberal sample and book.
COMFORT POWDER CO., HARTFORD, CONN.
Use Comfort Soap for hands and face. 25c.

THE attention of Charity Associations is invited to a residence property of from eight to eighteen acres, perfectly adapted to the purposes of a healthful, accessible, and attractive Industrial Country Home in the Hudson Highlands. Lease for a number of years. Owner will repair or enlarge to suit. Dealings at first hand only. Address RIVICOLA, No. 5,602, care this office.

HAIR HEALTH warranted to renew, restore color to Gray Hair. Most satisfactory Hair grower, 50c. London Supply Co. 853 B'way, New York, will send Hair Book & box Hair Health FREE

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Book free; pills 25c. At drugstores, or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal St., New York.

Miss Maria Parloa

Strongly Recommends the use of

Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef

and she has written a neat
COOK BOOK

which will be sent free on application to Dauchy & Co., 27 Park Place, New York.

EDUCATIONAL

New York City

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Oldest and best known in U. S.
Established 1855. **3 East 14th Street, N. Y.**

TEACHERS' COLLEGE
9 University Place, N. Y.
Kindergarten lessons for mothers, Wednesdays, 3:30 to 5 P.M. Twelve lessons. Tuition, $6.00. For particulars address Miss ANGELINE BROOKS.

Connecticut

THE CURTIS SCHOOL FOR YOUNG BOYS.—$500. 19th year. My 50-page circular tells what education means for a boy here. Formation of character stands first with us. No new boy over 13.
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Notes and Queries

"T. C." asks in The Outlook of February 10, page 287, for Scripture texts generally used to prove Christ's pre-existence and place in the Trinity, "and the taking of man's nature in order that by the sacrifice of himself God might be reconciled to us." Your proof-texts are satisfactory for the first part of the question. But does the Bible teach that Christ did sacrifice himself *to reconcile God to us?* If so, will you kindly give the proof-texts?

J. P. S.

There are none such, and therefore we quoted none. 2 Cor. v., 19, 20, covers the Bible teaching on that point. This gives the true sense of "propitiation," which is sometimes taken to mean that God is propitiated. If it means anything more than peace and reconciliation to God, it means that the divine demand which is made in conscience is satisfied by our coming into spiritual fellowship with Christ.

In view of the current discussion of future probation, why take it for granted that each one man has personal existence after death? Is not the physical only personal? Is not character non-personal? Is not character sure to have future probation, and person none? The probation may be good or bad in tendency, long or short in time, according to its quality. *

For "probation" we substitute the larger conception education, with its issues in the development and modification of individual character. We conceive of this process as continuing as long as existence endures, and that our character is simply the moral form acquired by our personality. That death puts a limit to this process when once begun, or that personality, as thus molded, fails of continuance hereafter, we find no reason to believe.

Can you tell me where I can get a copy of the "Statement of Principles of the Congregational Church," made by the Committee—of which Dr. Lyman Abbott was one—appointed by the National Council of 1880? J. B. W.

Send a five-cent stamp to the Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society, Boston.

I am a little girl at school, and would like to know the author of the "Independence Bell," beginning:

"There was tumult in the city, in the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people pacing restless up and down."

R. W.

Perhaps some reader will give the name. Many school-speakers contain the poem.

The sonnet beginning

"God never loved me in so sweet a way before,"

the authorship of which is asked for in The Outlook of 17 February, 1894, appeared about three years ago in the "Sunday-School Times." There were then only the five lines given in The Outlook. I cannot recall the author's name, but a reference to the columns of that paper will furnish it. I am glad some one has prized the lines as well as myself.

W. G. L.

"A." inquires about low-priced editions of F. W. Robertson's sermons. Harpers, New York, publish the "Sermons" complete for $2, and Brooke's "Life of Robertson," the lectures on Corinthians, and the literary lectures in another volume at the same price. R.

"H. M." will find what he inquires for,

"Still sits the school-house," etc.,

in the edition of 1878 of Whittier's poems; title, "In School Days." E. H. U.

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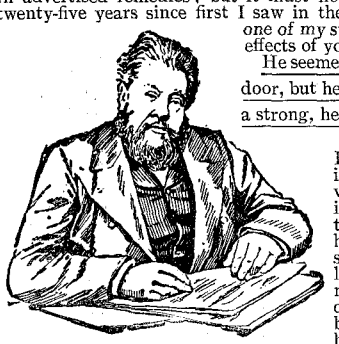

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"Yours heartily, (Rev.) C. H. SPURGEON.
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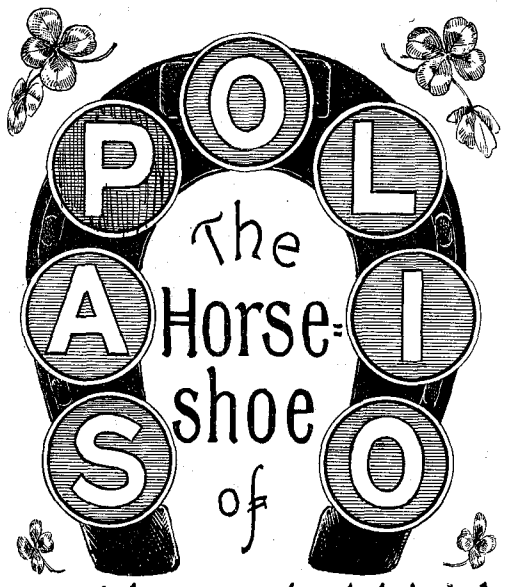

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For the Year Ending Dec. 31st, 1893

Income, - -	$2,149,859.61
Paid Policy-Holders, -	1,133,783.25
Assets, - -	1,516,271.82
Liabilities, 4% Standard,	801,945.77
Surplus, - -	714,326.05
New Insurance written, -	23,669,308.00
Insurance in force, -	83,101,434.00

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